

SECRET

M A G A Z I N E

Issue N°4

The Sexrobots
by Xanax

Fetish Art
& Fashion

Free
contact
service

Books
& videos

Body
Discipline

High Heels

Photo:
Bob Carlos Clarke

Interview:
The Domin'School





The secret of Secret

At times I am moved by this marvelous life deep within the world of SM and Secret Magazine. Maybe we are a gang, or a movement, discreetly trying to develop our own values for human relationships. We feel like surfers permanently riding the crests of the highest waves. We live so intensely that we have to pinch ourselves (and all sorts of other naughty things) to make sure that we are not dreaming.

Today we are rounding another cape: each issue of Secret Magazine will henceforth be published in French and in English! The request was put to us so often that we had no choice but to give in.

Interest in our magazine continues to grow, despite great competition (at least in terms of the number of publications). This made us stop and think about the reasons for this attention. Unlike most other SM and fetishist magazines, Secret Magazine does not exist for immediate profit. It is run by a team of enthusiasts who want to share their experiences and questions with motivated readers. We are made of the same wood as you, which you can sense when reading the magazine.

Another key element is our approach to living out our fantasies, based on complicity, confidence, humour and our never-ending struggle against reductionist clichés. Yes, one and the same person can be dominant or submissive, depending on circumstances. Yes, it is possible to be tough and friendly. Yes, jealousy is the most destructive emotion there is. No, SM should not to be associated with a morbid ritual lacking inspiration. No, seeking to realize all our fantasies cannot lead to limitless permissiveness (paedophilia is a subject non grata for us). We do not give long speeches defending our ideas, no, it's the whole magazine - with its articles, its photos, the atmosphere which it creates - which gets the message across, if indeed there is a message.

This constant thinking about our magazine, which I affectionately call our "fanzine de luxe", has inevitably helped its editors and a large company of friends and fellow enthusiasts to make hard choices about their lifestyle. Perhaps we will even celebrate the marriage of latex and domination in the near future.

The letters published in this issue are only some of the very many which are sent to us. They are full of compliments and creativity. Before letting you discover issue number four, I would ask: keep feeding us with your fantasies.

Love,

Vincent Mikrou



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(No mail please)

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Shinji & Yumi Yamazaki (AZZLO), Michael Manning,
Mistress Gigi & slave, Michael Fearnley, Robert Ch-
ouracqui, Guy Lemaire, Jacques Leurquin, Thomas
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readers here, as they have made it possible!

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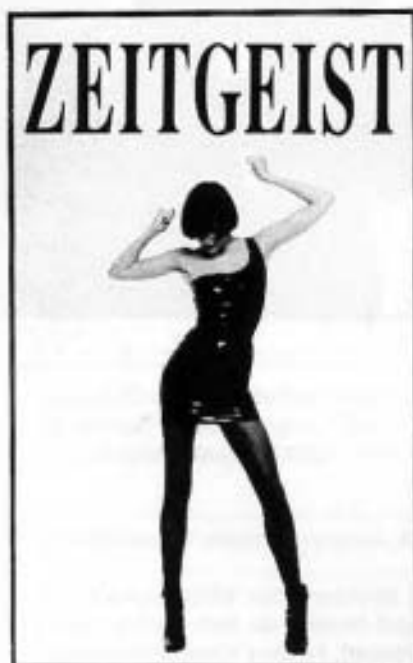
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NEWS

BELGIUM: telephone sex chat lines have made their appearance in Belgium, principally in the capital, Brussels. It's up to you, readers, to be sensible and on your guard: it's a roundabout way of emptying your pockets by painting an enticing picture of "goodies". It's change, but for the better?

NETHERLANDS: ELLEN SCHIPPERS, the fetishist stylist, has been approached by the Dresden Opera about designing "inflatable" costumes for use in "Tales of Hoffmann" by Jacques Offenbach.



ENGLAND: ZEITGEIST has brought out a superb latex catalogue. Price £7. We particularly liked the model displayed above and the "corset" dress. Write, mentioning SECRET Magazine, to: ZEITGEIST, 66 Holloway Road, London N7, England.

"BD ADULTES" CATALOGUE: Henri Filippini is the editorial manager of Glénat publishers. He edits the whole paperback collection of adult comics and has signed all the texts in this little catalogue. In his own words: "Scarcely more than twenty years ago comic fans were discovering new heroes, often enough heroines, living adventures very much more daring than those being offered by the classical magazines. Pichard, Forest, Crepax, Cavell and others introduce us to Paulette, Barbarella, Valentina... Couples form very quickly,



the images become more daring, the embraces more torrid. Pichard opens the door to all that is daring. Crepax adapts the Story of O, Emmanuelle... Within a few years the pioneer which Barbarella had become a trifle for adolescents. Specialist editors thumbed their noses: Elvifrance for the popular press, Cap for albums. In them Colber, Mancini, Alan Davis, Chris Hopper, von Gotha and many others portrayed gorgeous girls who show their all and endure everything. The pocket-size "BD ADULTES" collection allows us to rediscover these masterpieces of hard-core eroticism, nicely presented at a "pocket" price. If you wish to (re)discover the sultry world of these paper girls, let yourself be tempted by these discreet but hot little books before they're sold out." If you want to order, the address is: Media 1000, B. P. 185, 75263 Paris Cedex 06, France.



FRANCE: Our companion magazine Démonia has just brought out a new "Special". This time it's an erotic comic, violent and occasionally even funny. The story and drawings by CHOFF are of a

very high standard. On sale at all newsagents in France and Belgium or at the following address: Comedit, 15 Cité Joly, 75011 Paris, France. Price: FF 39.

SWITZERLAND: The GYNARCHY CLUB is dedicated to female supremacy. It's a club for facilitating contacts between dominant women. They have about one hundred members throughout the world. They take care to maintain anonymity when passing on letters between the members until the Mistress herself decides otherwise. They also help to arrange holiday meetings between members who are bit off the beaten track and other members of the club. They organize meetings and week-end parties and they come in groups to parties organized by other clubs. Slaves are asked to contribute towards the club's costs. To obtain their next info letter and list send your name and address plus two International Reply Coupons (IRCs) to: NCJ, P. O. Box 343, 1211 Geneva 26, Switzerland.

USA: THE BISHOP has died. He made his debut in 1972 and his drawings, like the covers of the little CAMPBELL books, are known the world over. His linework, his imagination when drawing women in extravagant outfits - often in bondage positions or with hoods - was revolutionary. In the 80s he was chief editor of H.O.M. (House Of Milan), one of the most important distributors of books and magazines in the world. A great talent has disappeared...

ENGLAND: FENRIR is the name of a magazine which links the "secret" to black magic and publishes everything related to traditional Satanic representations. Having read this introductory work we note a certain similarity to sub/dom scenes. Coincidence? The address for anyone who's interested: Thormynd Press, P. O. Box 700, Shrewsbury, Shropshire, England.

NETHERLANDS: The "BOEI" association, which is good at organizing little "SM parties", has just launched a small magazine. Bimonthly, it keeps you informed about SM art, culture and various other subjects in the same vein. Entirely in black and white, 36 pages, available by mail order or in sex shops. Boei, Sluiswaard 48, 1824 T Kalkmaar, Netherlands. Tel & Fax (02280) 19258.

ENGLAND: If gasmasks, uniforms, industrial or medical clothing are your thing, this might interest you. "REGULATION" (what a name!) is a specialist boutique. You won't believe your eyes when you open the door... Discreetly fitted out, they offer you masks, flying suits, firefighter's protective clothing, rubber boots etc. Prices are very reasonable; a British army S6 gasmask sells for £19.95 (BF 1,000/FF 200). Regulation, 17a St Alban's Place, Islington Green, London N1, England. Tel 071-2260665. Don't forget to mention that you were sent by SECRET MAGAZINE.



ENGLAND: The beautiful, voluptuous and seductive TABBY, ex-model and designer of bizarre clothing, has released her very own video. We will be reviewing it in the next video section. If you lack the patience, come and discover the video at the MINUIT boutique or write to: Tabby, P. O. Box 916, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex SS0 8QD, England.

FRANCE: It's finally happened! At last France has got a real fetishist boutique, in RENNES! LOOK AND LOVE (an internationally easy-to-remember name) located in the heart of Rennes, in a pedestrian precinct, very busy. Far away from Brussels and other fetishist cities, this boutique will definitely see a lot of our French friends, who will readily make a small detour. We wish them luck and prosperity! Look and Love, 5 rue Saint Michel, 35075 Rennes, France. Open from 10 a.m. to 730 p.m. Monday to Saturday.

BELGIUM: It's rare to find a private club which is distinguished, luxurious and well run. The DOMIN SCHOOL in Brussels is a must for domination enthusiasts. Please mention the word SECRET when you present yourself to the Divine Mistresses! Domin School, Rue du Mont Blanc 70, 1060 Bruxelles, Belgium.

GERMANY: SCHWARZE MODE, world famous for its latex fashionwear, has just brought out a new catalogue of latex clothing. A whole range of lingerie: baby panties, slips for men and women, bras, bermudas, slips with dildos (internal or external), enema gear, hoods. In short, an EXCEPTIONALLY SEXY catalogue... As usual, available directly from: Schwarze Mode, Grunewaldstrasse 91, W-1000 Berlin 62, Germany.

DELLA GRACE: Since publishing her book LOVEBITES, this lady is every-



where! SKIN TWO has devoted the interview in its latest video (she designed the cover) to her, she's got an exhibition on in London and she's putting together a portfolio for DEMONIA. Why? Because her photos are superb, especially those of lesbian domination scenes. The photos are extremely sensitive, they take you into a world you could never know (unless you're lesbian and also go in for domination). These few moments of romanticism can



Demonia

REVENIR AUX ANCIENS
EN COULEUR



be found in the magic book LOVEBITES. To get one, write enclosing £22 (BF 1,500) to: GMP Publishers Ltd, P. O. Box 247, London N17 9QR, England.

NETHERLANDS: The very beautiful and likeable KARIN WIT, designer and founder of FUNNY SKIN, has decided to expand and move to new premises. You can find her at the following address: Funny Skin, Wagenweg 16, 2012 ND Haarlem, Netherlands. Tel 023-421870. She also publishes a superb full-colour catalogue!

FRANCE: The Club 50-60, seamed stocking fetishists, has ceased to be. It has passed the torch on to: NYLON'S CLUB, 28 rue de la Boissée, 91080 Courcouronnes, France.

THE MAGIC THIGH BOOTS



From now on rubber fetishists will be able to treat themselves to superb thigh boots in latex! With developments in materials and the advanced technology of the manufacturers, the latter have succeeded in making thigh boots with elastomer soles. Just imagine the dominatrices clothed in latex, their corsets trimmed with red latex and their thigh boots in latex! Only we are able offer you the photos where you can appreciate the quality and finish so sought after by thigh boot fetishists. A leg perched on high heels, in leather, in vinyl, and now in latex - imagine: IRRESISTIBLE. You won't be able to prevent yourself from going down on your knees... Remember, these thigh boots are not a unique privilege reserved for dominatrices: they are equally suitable for men and women. Where to find them? In specialized shops and Boutique MINUIT, one of the only retail outlets for these truly great thigh boots.

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GYNARCHY CLUB

GYNARCHY CLUB

Non-lucrative group of Mistresses sharing the ideal of Female Supremacy. Meetings, exchanges between members. Send two IRC's. Answer will be given only to Mistresses and Dominante Females.

ECTOMORPH



ECTOMORPH was indisputably one of the first to do "haute couture" in latex. Krystina Kitsis, designer and founder of Ectomorph, has had to weather some storms and navigate some troubled waters before achieving her present position - her own fetishist fashion label. A label respected by everyone. SKIN TWO, as well as praising her to the skies, has published her models and spoken highly of her skill in turning materials such as vinyl and rubber into "haute couture". Who hasn't spotted little studded jackets or sexy dresses with her label in magazines like ELLE, VOGUE and COSMOPOLITAN? So Ectomorph is a confident and remarkable label. She was the first to bring out up market catalogues, with exclusive photos by the legendary Trevor Watson, and she continues to offer us catalogues which are always little masterpieces. Here are some excerpts from the ECTOMORPH III catalogue. The models in it are daring and available in a range of attractive colours. The work is magnificently finished. ECTOMORPH is on sale in the better fetishist boutiques (Skin Two/London, MINUIT/Brussels, LCS/Germany). For Belgium and France the catalogue is available from MINUIT, 60 Galerie du Centre, 1000 Bruxelles at a price of BF 600/FF 100/£10. Payment in cash or by credit card.

J.B.





JACK THE RUBBER

A new latex fetishist fashion company located in the suburbs of London is making rubber clothing with a difference. Each of their creations is covered in latex "nodules" which vary according to the form and size of the garment. It's like a gale of fresh air howling through hallowed cloisters. The utilitarianism of Eastern Europe wedded to the haute couture of Western Europe are what make Jack the Rubber's first collection so charming. "Our creations, by their 'truly natural' sides invite people to get in contact more quickly with others. It's nice to touch and to be touched through the medium of the clothes and because you are wearing rubber you feel completely safe and perfectly relaxed. For a long time everybody has been too stern about fashion. Fashion is mostly about feeling good: it's the therapy that gets us these clothes." Jack the Rubber's clothes have a tremendous impact which emphasizes the contours of the body. They are not too excentric and can be worn to a cocktail party or normal discotheque. They combine fantasy and fashion and make fetishist fashion more acceptable. Write to him, quoting SECRET MAGAZINE. Enclose £5 for the catalogue. His address: Jack the Rubber, P. O. Box 2763, London E1 7LG, England.

J.B.





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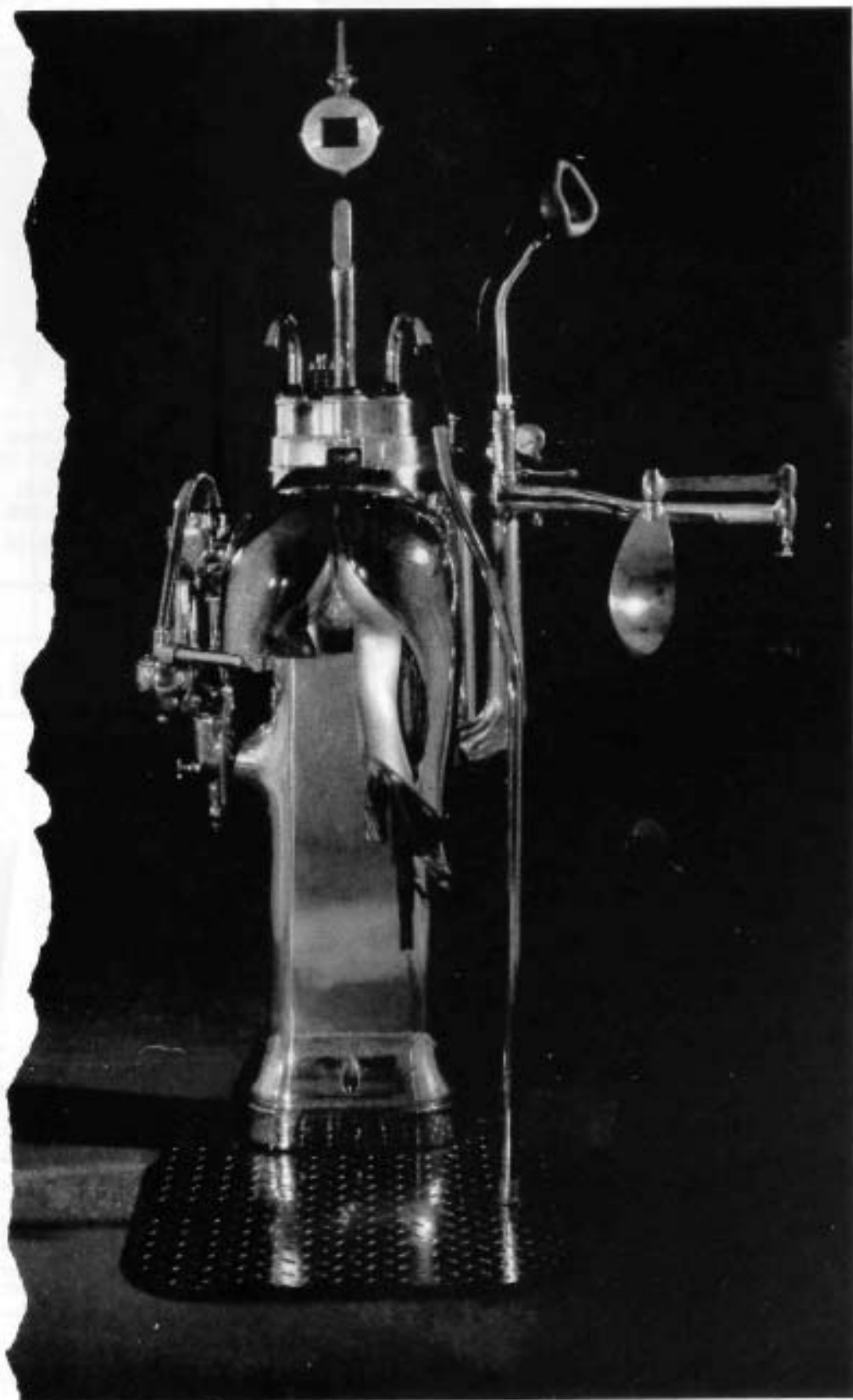
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THE SEX ROBOTS

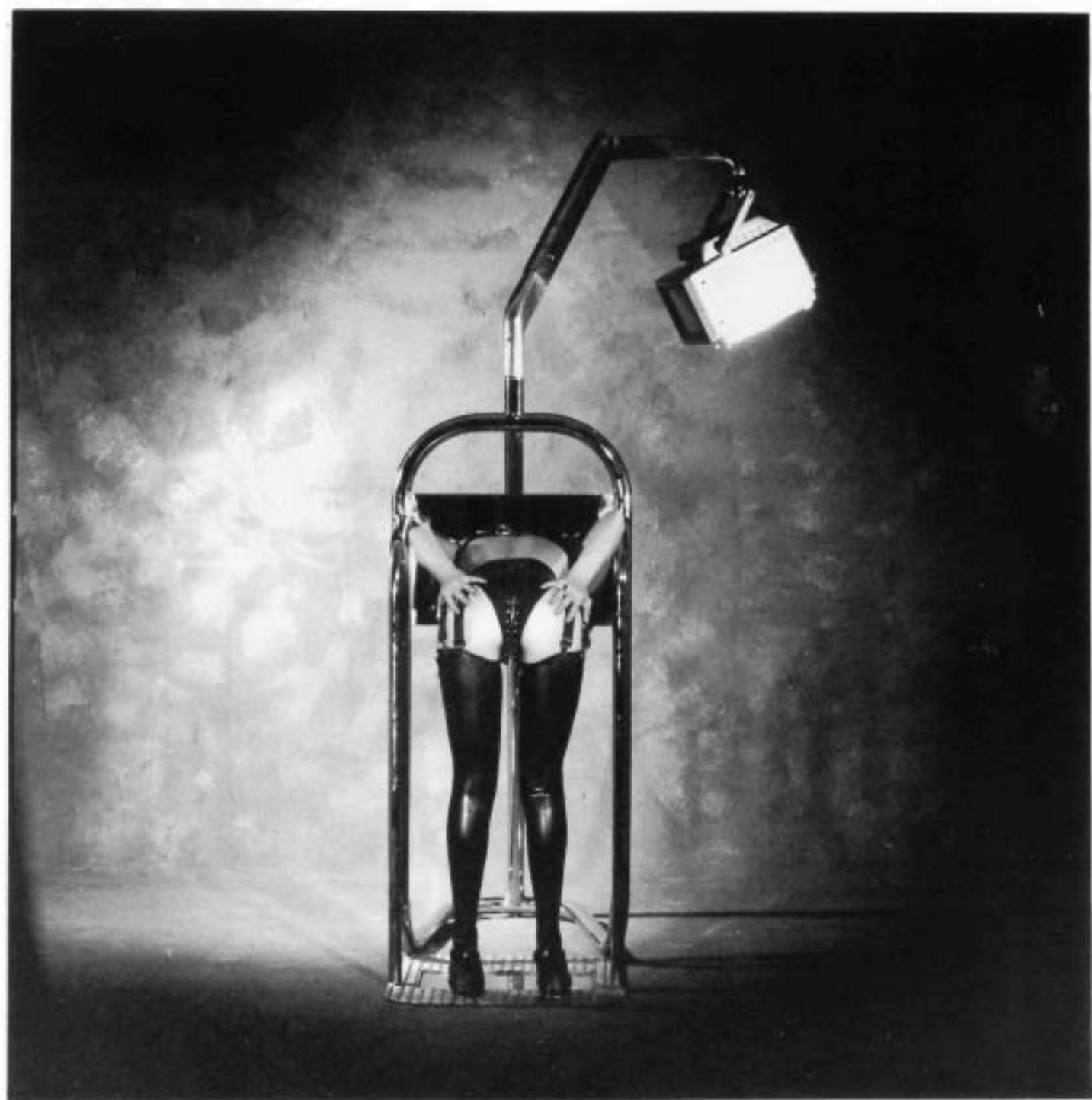
The artist XANAX is continuing to cause a storm with his famous "SEX MACHINES". Discovered by Catherine REZETTE, the boss of Boutique MINUIT, he and his works are world-famous now. At their first presentation during the "NUIT SECRET" party, last year in Mai, he was noticed by all the fetishist magazines and by the biggest art galleries. The issue 12 of SKIN TWO, the biggest fetishist magazine, has been illustrated by one of these fabulous "sex machines". TIME OUT and THE FACE, two very well-known English magazines with huge circulations, have already written articles praising him. And ITN, Britain's independent television network, is going to interview him for its programme THE BIG E. Madness in Amsterdam as well: HET PAROOL and other magazines are jostling to get a look at these famous machines. XANAX has confided to us that he will shortly be going on a world tour: St Tropez, Berlin, London, Paris etc to present his machines as well as photos and paintings. Photos taken by XANAX himself. For additional information, ring Jürgen at the Boutique MINUIT on: int. 32-2-223 09 14 or fax: int. 32-2-223 10 09.

J.B.











IS SADISM IN FASHION?

The past few years have seen an explosion of interest in the world of sadomasochism. An interest which some people have definitely manipulated for commercial ends. The publication of "beaver" magazines, the explosion of minitel and "hard" telephone sex chat lines will be subjects of discussion for a long time to come. Thanks to this opening up lots of people are finally coming out and openly saying that they are "submissive", "maso" or "sado" - something which would have been unthinkable even five years ago. Is sadism in fashion?

The columns of certain magazines are full of personal ads for so-called services which often have little in common with genuine sadomasochistic rituals as practised by a very restricted circle of enthusiasts. These rituals, now "commercialized", have been taken out of their theatrical context. The performance, the costumes, the rules of the game - because it is a game - are unknowns to the curious. Unfortunately, sadism is in fashion!

Minitel, in France, and telephone sex are literally being flogged by the "hard" services. Thousands of slaves are chained together every month with the help of minitel padlocks. Electronic make-believe has sent real encounters packing. By their tens of thousands they try to find their way and in their turn become slaves to the keyboard and of the "gripping" screen. The operating companies allow the "swingers" to find a suitable partner but very rarely to take their pleasure. The operators are very much more interested in the number of minutes you spend in front of your screen/or on the telephone than in any help which they could give to find your Master/Mistress or slave. On the contrary, they have led the way in publicity and have commercialized sadomasochism to such an extent that public interest continues to grow.

When they're not inviting dominants and slaves to a "sado/maso special", the TV talkshows are a perfect example of the sado-institutional tragicomedy. You would be surprised at how many one-sided so-called debates there are where the guests are immediately, in the first second, called "dirty swine" or "sexual perverts"! On such evenings millions of TV viewers are misled about the truth and, sitting comfortably in their armchairs, enjoy the routing of the guests. They laugh at confessions, are shocked at hearing the psychology carefully explained by university professors who have probably never taken part in a real sadomasochistic session! The showmaster, who is the one who invited the poor "perverts", hammers them even more, applause punctuating the kill. The impossibility of explaining oneself often leaves a distorted image of the dom scene, often one "goes into hiding" and no longer dares to express oneself! A great pity that such a powerful media cannot be put to better use.

You will have noticed that we are witnessing a bombardment of fetishist and SM scenes in quality films and in the advertising plastering the streets of our towns. If you like Bernard Blier it's partly because he managed with disarming aplomb to make certain scenes acceptable to us which - had they been done by a "straight" filmmaker - might well have been intolerable. What are we troubled the most by in

Bruno Nuytten's "Camille Claudel"? By the sculptures of the great, young artist or by the relationship, bordering on the sadomasochistic, which she has with Auguste Rodin? The cinema is telling us a tale. Since childhood we have got used to things being more acceptable if they "come from the cinema". Almodovar's films (Matador, Labyrinth of Passions, High Heels...) and the Batman superproductions have familiarized us with the "dominatrix" look. The psychology of the characters that we are is increasingly accepted - one day it will be the turn of sadomasochism itself. Unfortunately, lots of ground rules will change and the "real" sadomasochists will be out of place in this world. Publicity is encouraging all these trends. What is "in fashion" sells. Marketing, as always, is either ahead of or behind the times: there's a whip in the air... There's blues in the pub! Things like rubber, high heels and all the paraphernalia of a dungeon are very cleverly manipulated to gain our attention. It's as if someone is trying to persuade us that everyone of us wants the forbidden fruit. A fruit with sharp thorns.

But you can always stick to written fantasies and feed at the source, rediscovering the work of one of the greatest authors of the French Revolution.

Three de Sade bibliographies are appearing at the same time. One by Jean-Jaques Pauvert (published by Laffont), editor of his complete works. The second by the late Gilbert Lévy (published by Mercure de France), unrivalled since its first publication in 1951. And the third by Raymond Jean (published by Actes Sud), riddled with mistakes. But that's not all: de Sade's descendants, Count Xavier, Marquis Elzéar and his brother Thibault, have organized a superb exhibition at the Paris Arts Center and have opened their secret archives to Maurice Lever. Roland Topor has made him the hero of his film "Marquis", an anonymous person has published Contre l'Etre Suprême (Against the Supreme Being, published by Quai Voltaire) in de Sade's style and Guy Scarpetta has used his as the main character in his novel.

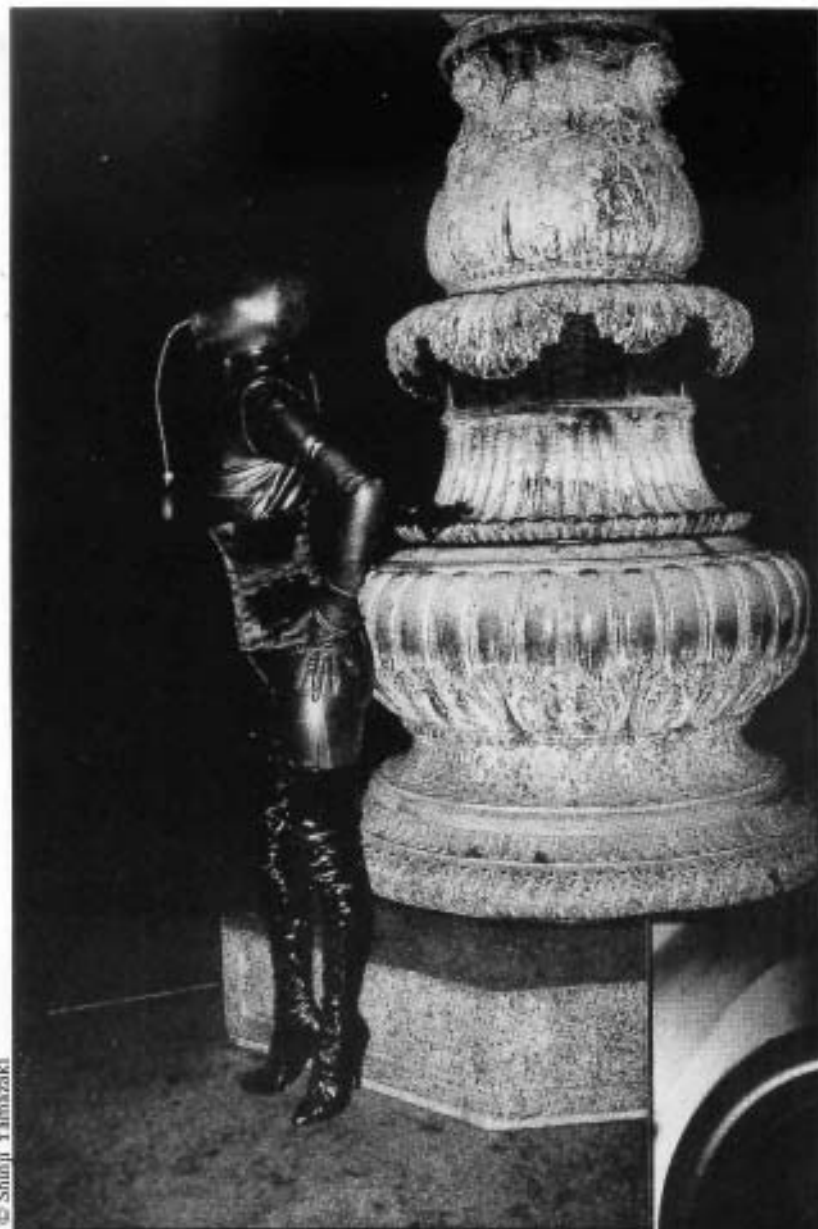
Jürgen Boedt



BODY

DISCIPLINE.

The photos on these pages are the result of a unique type of search. YUMI and SHINJI have worked together for five years, travelling round the world, to create YUMI's very special pictures. More than a few of these photos have served as invitation cards to fetishist parties in Tokyo attended by more than 1,500 people. AZZLO is without doubt the number one in the Orient. This 88 page hardback album is available direct from AZZLO or in fetishist boutiques. AZZLO, 21 Sakawachi Shinjuku-ku, Tokyo, Japan. Tel: 03-3356 9267, Fax: 03-3356 9810.



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DIVA FETISH

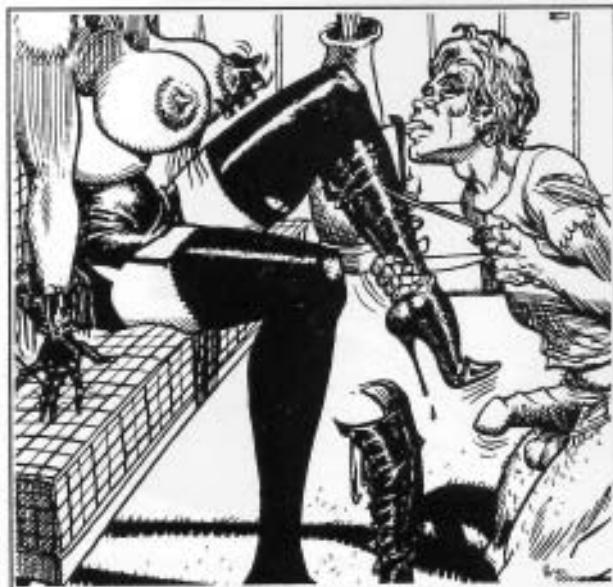
Fetishism is classed as a typically male sexual deviation but it exists in latent form in every human being - including women - mainly linked to the attraction of voyeurism and aesthetic sensitivity.

For example, many men are attracted by the arched form given to a woman's feet by so-called "dizzy heels" and moreover the woman who is wearing them knows that she is displaying her femininity to the full, exuding a real and irresistible charm. So, if the man submits and cultivates the fetishism, the woman will try to accentuate it by all possible means. Well knowing that fetishists who are into other things will be disappointed, we must state right away that DIVA FETISH is only about fetishism of the leg, sheathed or not, of the foot, bare or shod, and by extension, of that of shoes and stockings. Leaving aside the Oriental world (where things are very different), the foot has always been one of the most venerated and admired parts of the fascinating female anatomy. Paradoxically, in our "developed" society, feet and legs, in addition to their primary function, contribute to the aesthetics of seduction as aggressive symbols of sexuality and organs of lust. This form of fetishism is the only one to fully involve all five senses: the disciple of Rétif de la Bretonne (just as much a worshipper of women's feet in real life as in his literary works), contemplates the arch of the sole of the foot, the pearly white of the slim toes, the touch of colour of the painted nails; he feels the softness of their skin when he covers them with long caresses and passionate kisses; he registers the taste and smell of them when he runs his tongue over their skin; he senses their presence by the pleasant, rhythmical noise of the steps, whether shod or not. According to Richard von Krafft-Ebbing, who analyzed the pathological degeneracies of fetishist masturbation in his essay *Psychopathia Sexualis* (1886), there is always an origin of veiled masochism at the root of our subject.

By contrast, the sadist's imagination sees the upturned arches and the trussed ankles of the girl in peril as an expression of machismo with the bareness of the feet of the "victim" contrasting with the fetishist equipment and high heels of the dominatrix. All this and more besides is the subject of enquiry in *Diva Fetish*, with the usual attention paid to presenting examples from the arts in the modern world. Literature, from Rétif de la Bretonne, who built a pagan altar to these female extremities in the 18th century, to Charles Bukowski, the contemporary bard of "whores' shoes" in his excesses of vulgar podophilia; the cinema, in the "special" shots scattered throughout innumerable films or concentrated in the cult movies for fetishists, especially those of Luis Bunuel; the American illustrated magazines from the golden age of fetishism which were developed in the course of millions of "characteristic" photos; the comics and drawings from the forerunner John Willie to the other artists of the bizarre comic, from the masters Georges Pichard and Guido Crepax to the footlover Franco Suardelli, from the pop art of Allen Jones to the SM drawings of Bill Ward.

All in all a DIVA dedicated to those who have a morbid predilection or an aesthetic penchant for the female foot and leg but also for those who wish to become somewhat more familiar with this inoffensive and sophisticated obsession. They should be free to cultivate their obsession for, as the celebrated photographer Helmut Newton states: "... obsession is the most important thing. One must be obsessed because one is in the process of doing. Only those without talent have no obsessions."

Riccardo Morrocchi and Stefano Piselli,
copyright Glittering Images 1992.



© Bill Ward

This new DIVA FETISH is a professional work and without any doubt the most complete documentation ever of foot fetishism. It is on sale in specialist bookshops and in good fetishist boutiques.

Price: 1750 FB at MINUIT, 60 Galerie du Centre, 1000 Brussels, Belgium. Tel: 02/223.09.14 fax: 02/223.10.09.

THE SUBMISSION OF CLAUDE

When I was working in Holland, in an SM house, I had a very beautiful instance of submission with Claude. This accountant, about fifty years old, with a responsible position in an important Brussels company, became, for the duration of my sessions, my servant, my well-trained valet, responsible for serving us, my boss Marianne, the other Mistresses and myself. When he was introduced to me in the pub, I ordered him to drop his trousers in front of all those present. He did so without batting an eyelid. I weighed his testicles in my hand, felt his penis, pulled the foreskin back and inspected it for hygiene. Then I ordered him to turn round and bend over, telling him to spread his cheeks with his hands so that I could examine his backside for cleanliness as well. Each part of his body was subjected to the same procedure: hands, feet, nails, armpits, ears... When I was satisfied with my examination, I signalled him to accompany me to the Mistresses' room. He quickly collected up all his belongings, which he rolled into a bundle under his arm, and followed me. Once on the first floor, I had him put his bundle in a corner and put on a pair of wrist cuffs, a bow tie around his neck, and nothing else apart from a little maid's apron to hide his willy. To round it off, I attached a heavy chain, little more than a foot long, to his ankles, so hobbling him and forcing him to take tiny steps. I ordered him, skimpily dressed as he was, to vac all the carpets on the first floor, regardless of the girls and clients who might be around. I insisted on meticulous work, hitting him with the riding crop if he forgot to clean even the smallest nook. That done, I led him to the kitchen, in front of Deborah, Judith, Marianne and Caroline, where I first ordered him to do the washing-up whilst I chatted with my friends as if he wasn't there, only aware of his presence because of the clanking of the chain which could be heard each time he took a step. I swear that I especially enjoyed that session, a chained slave at my service and working for our well-being! It's among my most persistent fantasies, being served by a bunch of naked men, on to whom I off-load the drudgery of domestic chores and whom I can humiliate or degrade according to my whims. During this party, the slave had to serve us tea. He turned out to be a well-trained valet in every respect. Napkin over his arm, he brought us the cups on a tray and in turn served us tea, sugar, milk or lemon. I was counting on taking maximum advantage of my slave during the session. So I took him with me into the bathroom, where I had him fill the bathtub with very warm water, scented with bath salts, not without thrashing him somewhat when I noticed that it wasn't quite the right temperature. He had to help me to get undressed to take my bath. Soaping my body all over according to my instructions, obeying my slightest whim. Lounging in the warm water, I ordered: "You are going to use the few moments respite that I grant you to do my washing. You are going to wash my slip and my stockings. Not just anyhow, I want a very personal wash that you put all your heart into. So you will put my lingerie in your mouth and whilst drooling you will

turn it round with your tongue as if you were a real live washing machine." He obeyed docilely, washing first my slip then my stockings one after the other. That done, I got out of the water, but without bothering to wrap myself in a towel and ordered the slave: "You are going to accompany me to help your Mistress to dry herself." Soaking wet, I went into a bedroom and lay down on a big bed. "Now you are going to dry me, using your tongue to lick up each drop of water that you see forming a bead on my body." I must admit that he set to work with great will, licking me from foot to head, my legs, my thighs, my bum, my crotch, my arse, my back, my arms and then, when I turned over, he lingered a long time over my boobs and my sex. Not being able to stand it any more, I ordered him to fellate me, which he performed on my transsexual's body with gusto until the moment when his Mistress came, writhing. Sated with pleasure, happy, satisfied, I tied my slave up on the bare floor, hands behind his back, whilst I went to look for the instrument needed for the project which I had in mind. In the Mistresses' room, I chose a very long, vicious whip, with thick, hard thongs, which I was brandishing when I returned to the object. "Now, slave, for you to belong to me totally, I have to mark you. Are you ready for this?" "Yes, Mistress, it's my dearest wish, to totally become your thing." "In that case, I'll give you five lashes of the whip. The marks will remain imprinted on your skin for about a week. You are to come back and see me before they disappear completely, so that I can repeat the treatment as long as is necessary. Like that, it will be impossible for you to undress in front of another woman without her noticing the telltale marks I've put on you. Later, if I like the way you serve me and I condescend to keep you for my personal use, I shall take you to Amsterdam to have you tattooed with my emblem, which you will then wear indelibly engraved in your skin. First, I want to hear from your mouth that you are ready to make these sacrifices to please your Mistress." "Yes, Mistress, I am ready to do anything for you. I have no other ambition than to become your slave for life." That day, Claude got his five lashes of the whip, the stripes of which were printed in long, reddish streaks on his pale skin. He got the same number the following week, then again the week after. And so on, each week, for almost three months. At the end of this time, I took him, as promised, to a tattooer, pubis shaved, where I had the following inscribed: "FLUNKEY, personal slave of Mistress Roxanne", signed with a Gothic capital "R". When his pubic hair has grown again, the tattoo will be almost invisible. Two people, Claude and I, know of its existence and will share the secret for the rest of his life.

DE SADE: '92 VERSION "JUSTINE"

"I salute you Marquis"... That's Countess de Ségur's Bibliothèque Rose (Library of Erotica), 1992 vintage romanticism and perversion. Under the sweet pseudonym of Justine de Saint-Ange, a "lady" professor of history has put herself in the skin of a dirty twelve-year-old girl who puts herself in the hands of the Marquis de Sade. Naughty and sultry.

On Saturday 1st of July 1989 Justine, twelve years old, embarks on writing her intimate diary to escape the stupidity of the grown-ups. But who should she address her grievances to? Having hesitated some considerable time between Machiavelli, Madame Soleil and Roch Voisine, she finally plumps for Donatien Alphonse Francois de Sade, the only person to her taste capable of understanding the romanticism and perversion of his times. In the course of the days, she tells the marquis about "the misfortunes of her virtue", so revealing to the 17th century libertine all the variants of a 20th century adolescent's existential crisis: unrequited love (very simply, she is in love with a seminarist), running away from home, conflict with her parents, mystic crisis, fake suicide, mythomania...

Sitting in front of a cup of black tea, the author savours the superdear. Justine de Saint-Ange - a pseudonym, as revealed above - that's her. Twelve years old? No, thirty-eight... This top history teacher, mother of four children, no longer gets her satisfaction by torturing the pupils of classes preparing for their university entrance exams. She has taken up jubilatory writing whilst working for her Master's degree in psychopathology. "It is not primarily a question of praising de Sade. I like his distorted world but I also fear his abjectness, that of the "120 Days" for example. He's a breaker of taboos, a lover perhaps, definitely a philosopher, but also the world's greatest theoretician in perversion. It's as such that children hide him under the mattress." More awkward than her heroine at the same age, authoress Justine claims to have discovered de Sade when she was twenty-one. Since then, she has adopted as her own the divine marquis' motto: "Such beings as are not driven by strong passions are mediocre beings." Is that the reason why she speaks of teaching in the past tense? At thirteen, I was already rebelling against the traditional intelligentsia. In itself no authority is respectable. My heroine doesn't hesitate. She prefers de Sade to Pol Pot and "Philosophy in the Boudoir" to the video of a blue movie watched whilst baby-sitting of an evening.

In Belgium, are a couple who practise SM liable to prosecution?

If SM is practised with a person who does not fully consent to it, this constitutes false (ie unlawful) imprisonment coupled with voluntary assault and battery, punishable by up to five years imprisonment, double in the case of a recidivist. If SM is practised with a person who consents to it, the situation is different but it must be qualified. Obviously, the charge of false imprisonment is dropped in the case of consent from the persons who let themselves be tied or locked up. It should, however, be noted that it remains forbidden to administer a soporific, even to consenting persons, as this might alter the basis of their consent. It should be noted that violence against the person is punishable by law. It is, however, important to distinguish between assault on the one hand and assault and battery on the other. Generally speaking, it is assault and battery if there are after-effects (bruises, marks). The Public Prosecutor's Office may prosecute a Master or Mistress for striking a slave. In principal, the consent of the slave is meaningless, but it may nonetheless be an important part of the decision by the Public Prosecutor's Office to prosecute or not: in fact it varies from District Attorney to District Attorney: what is prosecuted in Brussels might not be prosecuted in Liège. It should be borne in mind that there will definitely be a prosecution in a case of grievous bodily harm (GBH), even if the slave has consented to it. Why? Because physical integrity is inviolable; it may not be disposed of even if an agreement of acceptance has been made in respect of assault and battery - this will be considered null and void in the event of a complaint, although it might possibly be considered a mitigating circumstance. So S&M is tolerated if no complaint is filed!

To conclude: what can be said is that it is generally an accident which is going to lead to legal action being taken... But the further one goes, the greater the risk of an accident.

BOB CARLOS CLARKE



We are very proud to present you, for the very first time in the history of fetish magazine, the photographs of
BOB CARLOS CLARKE.

Bob Carlos Clarke's photographs provide a captivating glimpse of a twilight and sometimes morbid world of sexuality and, in quest for new erotic imagery, they also reveal much about style and fashion.

Reflecting influences as diverse as Alma Tadema, Atget and Allan Jones, these photographs combine a highly original visionary ability with a wide-ranging studio and darkroom ingenuity. Working exclusively with black-and-white materials, he has perfected techniques of hand colouring and multi-negative printing to create works whose quality and rarity make them collectors' items. An excellent book, *THE DARK SUMMER*, edited by Quatered Books, has a perfect collection of his work and is available from good bookstores or directly with Quatered Books Ltd., 27/29 Goodge Street, London W1P 1FD, England. Price: £25.

















BEHIND THE SCENES OF THE DOMIN' SCHOOL

Gigi is a unique character. She has very fin de siècle class, oozes calm charm, but is very spirited. You can picture her during the French Revolution - when the streets were prey to disorder - raising her crystal glass and exhorting her guests to enjoy the sumptuous meal. When she whips one of her slaves, her eyes sparkle. And if she gives him a cuddle at the end of the session, if she really loves him, it's because she feels superior to him. Gigi runs the best-known "house of correction" in Brussels, the Domin' School. During the interview Gigi was comfortably installed in an armchair, a naked slave at her feet.

Interview conducted by Jürgen Boedt

SM: Gigi, how do you attract your victims to such a secret place?

Gigi: Above all by word of mouth. The people are satisfied and come again. For the twenty years or more that I have been active in SM.

SM: What's the story of the great Mistress Gigi?

Gigi: I was born in Dinant/Belgium and studied law. I got married very young to a lawyer, with whom I already shared a taste for SM. That lasted for more than thirty years. I'm divorced now, and my husband died shortly afterwards. I have been living with a slave for seventeen years. That obviously doesn't stop me having other slaves, but this one will live with me permanently until his death or mine.

SM: How does a relationship like that come about? Is there a pact?

Gigi: We have a verbal contract. I have all the rights, he has all the duties. It's easy.

SM: Are such situations common in the SM world?

Gigi: Yes, even between married couples. I have married friends who have this sort of relationship with their husbands.

SM: With whom they have a contract?

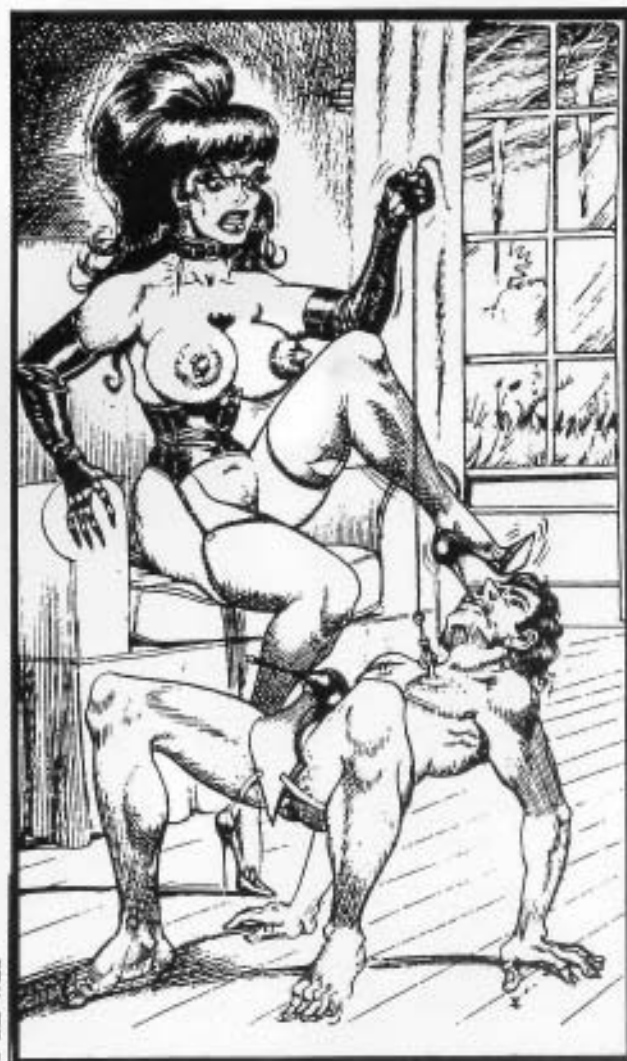
Gigi: It's tacit as well, because they already have their marriage lines. He can only do what she decides. She has the right to cuckold him and to take other slaves. She doesn't owe him any explanation.

SM: Do you think that a Mistress needs a slave permanently?

Gigi: It provides a certain stability, to have a semblance of home, a semblance of being a couple, even if the authority is a one-way street. I think that it is very good for a Mistress to have someone at home on a permanent basis. Of course, the gentleman I live with doesn't work, he stays at home, he takes care of my papers, my business, the house and the dogs, but certainly doesn't go to work any more. It's me who supports him.

SM: I've often heard that the relationship between a dominatrix and a slave is complex, that it's often the slave who is in charge or who takes certain decisions. That he decides the limits. There are key words, for example.

Gigi: Yes, there certainly are key words. You can't be without limits. But the role of a good dominatrix is to push the limits back.



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SM: By introducing other methods?

Gigi: Yes, by advancing progressively. The Mistress has to enter as much into the fantasy of her slave as into her own one. That's normal. How can you have a long-term relationship if you don't enter into each other's fantasies. The main thing is to find a slave who has the same fantasies as you.

SM: But you don't think that it is the slave who makes the rules?

Gigi: The Mistress is the slave of her slave if she really wants to be, if she lets herself be dragged into this sort of game. You are no longer your slave's slave if you both have the same fantasies, then it's a game where both find their pleasure. But if the slave has a different fantasy to that of his Mistress, she must obviously force herself to enter into his game, but from then on the session becomes completely uninteresting.



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SM: When you fall in love in a Mistress (or Master)/slave relationship, doesn't it have negative consequences? Is there a place for true love in this sort of relationship?

Gigi: You can love and respect the other person a lot, sometimes even have a semblance of a life like other people. I don't see why we should be obliged not to have feelings for the person we are living with.

SM: But aren't the feelings different, stronger, centred on the balance of power?

Gigi: Yes, but that's the sexual game. In everyday life, there is still this love, just as deep as with all couples.

SM: Does domination continue in everyday life? For example, when you meet a person whom you have already dominated, in a restaurant. I'm not implying that he would have to go down on his knees...

Gigi: You mustn't shock people in public. You are no never normal again with someone whom you have dominated, by that I mean that you stay dominant. That's accepted by both sides by the way, there are conventions like that.

SM: How did the Domin' School become established? What's the point of a school like it?

Gigi: We have Mistresses who come to learn to dominate their husbands, their partners or their lovers. Me, I mostly teach Mistresses, and some Masters, that as far as slaves are concerned it is above all a long-term job, for some I really will be talking about the basics.

SM: How does that work? Have you got a set of rules?

Gigi: We haven't got any fixed rules. For example, Tamara came to us one day. She had heard about us and asked to be allowed to take certain courses. She had already been doing it with her husband for several years, but she had no finesse, she was very bad - anarchic - at whipping.

SM: What did you teach her?

Gigi: How to whip... Teach a slave that he must kiss your feet to greet you etc.

SM: There are accessories as well...

Gigi: They're important as well, but you can be dominant without accessories, and of course it depends on the sort of domination you want to practise.

SM: Can you bring out fantasies which some of your slaves might not even be aware of?

Gigi: Yes, you discover them very quickly just the same.

WHAT HE WANTS IS FOR YOU TO TAKE THE BLAME

SM: How do you do that?

Gigi: By letting him talk. Here, we always have a sexual point of reference. You try several forms of domination, several fantasies, and you can see when it rings a bell, you can see when there's a sexual response. Then you say to yourself "there's something that needs looking at here". If you experiment with a certain fantasy and nothing happens sexually, you can forget it immediately. It's never wrong. If he refuses, for example, to be cross-dressed as a woman but you can see a reaction when you talk about it, it means that very deep down that's what he's looking for. What he wants is for you to take the blame. He's not homosexual at all, he's not a transvestite, he's only doing it to please you and so you're to blame. If you can manage to absolve them of all blame, you can do lots of things to people. There are very few of them who accept themselves, who accept what they are. Who dares to say "me, I like being humiliated, I like being dragged through the mud, I like being treated like a shit". If you say "you're doing it for me", he is absolved of blame so he does it without any psychological problems.

SM: I suppose that a dialogue must be established between you and the slave or Mistress who comes here for the first time. How does that come about?

Gigi: If it's a new Mistress, I try to see where she's already been, in what way she's already played with her slave. If she's good at psychology or if she's only physical. Some people are only gifted for bondage, do this sort of thing really well, but are psychologically incapable of dominating anyone. If they haven't got their ropes, their chains and their straps, they're nothing at all.

SM: So psychological domination is an essential point.
Gigi: Everything begins like that. It starts with a look, a word, and without any accessories. And if it doesn't start like that, it won't work. Certainly, if you begin by taking a rope without there having been any exchange between the two people...

SM: Do you answer all their questions?
Gigi: I have no secrets and no taboos.

SM: No limits?
Gigi: Limits, yes... If, for example, someone wanted me to go too far and endanger his life, I would set my own limits. It must remain a pleasant game, which can in no way harm anyone.

SM: And yet some people seek an encounter with death. Have you already encountered that, for example by strangling?
Gigi: Yes, we do that as well. But only with our arms or between our thighs. Never with ropes. (Gigi gives us a demonstration, to our cost)



SM: Do you wrestle with your slaves as well?
Gigi: We get asked for it a lot. They love fighting with a Mistress. Of course they want to get the worst of it. They want to be beaten, but they want you to expend a lot of energy to floor them. He has to have the impression that he's the weakest and that he's been floored. Do you want me to show you? You don't know until you've tried it (gives another demonstration). You take him like this, that's enough. After five seconds, no oxygen is getting through to the brain and you are unconscious. One minute and you're dead. Tamara, who keeps fit by doing sport every day, often has this sort of case.

SM: Are martial arts used in domination?
Gigi: Yes, definitely for strangling. I use a lot of judo to immobilize them on the ground. It's quite practical if you've done judo. I teach it to the Mistresses as well, the grips, the locks... although it's a bit extreme.

SM: What else do you get asked for?
Gigi: The whole psycho bag, with scenarios.

SM: Do the clients come with a scenario or is it you who thinks it up?
Gigi: Some come with. In other cases, we invent them on the spot. We try never to repeat a scenario because they expect us to have a bit of imagination and to be a bit different each time they come here.

SM: Isn't that hard?
Gigi: Yes, very. It's tiring. Going from one fantasy to another is very difficult, and at the end of the evening the Mistress is really empty, psychologically speaking. You have to put yourself in each person's shoes, otherwise it won't work. That requires a lot of concentration.

SM: Must a Mistress be a bit schizophrenic?
Gigi: Yes, if you want to put it like that. It's invaluable for professional Mistresses. Just the same, you have to distinguish between the professionals and the ones who do it for their own pleasure.

SM: What is the difference?
Gigi: There's a big difference. The Mistress who does it for fun stays the way she is, she doesn't change scenarios. It's her fantasy that counts, not that of the other person. The professional Mistresses have to pass from one fantasy to the other, because that's what they're paid for. And that is very difficult, it's even killing.

SM: Do you continue with a session after the slave has come?
Gigi: You can keep going after that, between people who love each other, who value each other, who live together. It depends who, but it's not the same once you've come. The excitement makes you go beyond your limits and lets you allow things to be done to you which, with a cool head, you wouldn't let happen.

SM: Is it sexual frustration which pushes your slaves to come here?
Gigi: More the fantasy, curiosity and the search for something else which is less common than Dad and Mum's "straight" sex. I think it's mostly curiosity. And then it must be said that SM is very fashionable, you see it in the newspapers, on television, you see it everywhere at the moment. So people want to try it. Even if they're not SM themselves, they still want to try it.

SM: Do you try to go beyond the slaves' limits?
Gigi: Yes, yes, with people who interest me.

SM: Is there a certain way of whipping so that it hurts without leaving any traces?
Gigi: Yes, we've got rubber whips for just that purpose. These are whips which make a noise, which look and sound real. You really can hit like with a normal whip but without leaving any marks. (She takes a whip and gives a demonstration on the slave...)

SM: I've heard it said that a good Mistress needs to be dominated at least once in her life...?

Gigi: I've never been dominated, it doesn't interest me at all, and I am definitely not of that opinion. I can understand it if a woman is looking for herself, but if you know you're a dominatrix I don't see why you should let yourself be dominated. There's no point. It's at odds with your public image. You don't need to be whipped to know how to whip. Not like a well-known Mistress who goes to a dominatrix to have herself whipped, oh dear.

SM: You don't think it's normal for a dominatrix to want submission, even secretly?

Gigi: But this Mistress didn't just come here once, she comes quite often! Anyway, she's more maso than dominant. For her it was something else there, a way of making herself some money. I don't think she's dominant, she lives dressed as a boy. If you only do it for the money, you do it badly. You haven't got it in you. Most of the tarts who have become Mistresses were doing the normal thing; but they saw the fashion and thought that they could earn much more with SM than with what they were doing before. They rushed into it and they all come a cropper. They're expensive but not worth anything. Everyone senses that they have a certain dislike of what they're doing, that it's not their thing. If it's your thing, people sense it straight away.



SM: And do you sense it, too, when a good Mistress comes to you?

Gigi: Yes, I think you can see it right away (she addresses the slave at her feet), you're not of my opinion? When we see a woman here, we know straight away if she's going to be OK.

SM: How can you tell?

Gigi: By little things. Because she asks a lot of questions, because she has already had some men-friends whom she has dominated, because she moves in certain circles, because she comes via connections, because she already has a slave herself, because she knows a relationship which... the point is that she already likes it. It's always easier.

SM: So you rarely have beginners? For example, a couple, *Secret Magazine* readers?

Gigi: It isn't like that, because they don't go to see a Mistress right away. They're going to try it together first. So they'll already have a certain amount of experience when they come to me.

SM: Can you have a normal sex life once you've tasted domination?

Gigi: No. It seems very bland afterwards, very commonplace. It puts a lot of spice in it, this sort of game. There are sessions lasting two days, three days... You can have a domination game all the time, you can easily keep the slave fixed in certain positions, tied up in one way or another, even in a cage, and make him spend the night in it.

SM: Must a Mistress be dressed in leather or latex?

Gigi: I'm dressed classically enough. I love everything which is psychological fantasy. For the more psychological domination, they prefer someone dressed in town clothes. Because it sets SM in everyday life. That's what they're looking for, so they'd rather go to the classically dressed Mistresses than the ones with lots of leather gear. Me, it's for my pleasure the leather gear. Or for the leather freaks. People who like leather seldom like latex. Me, I like both.

SM: A lot of psychological domination takes place when the slave is in the nude...

Gigi: You can very easily dominate whilst remaining seated in an armchair and being there for him for example (she points to the slave on the floor). It can go on for hours and we won't have moved an inch. But he will have been well and truly dominated and he will be quite content. Me too. What there also is in psychological domination, is the attraction for the men of being a sex object. You might sometimes think that it's the women who are the sex objects, but here it's the men, it's unbelievable. What they would like, for example, would be to be tied up and blindfolded at the mercy of one, two, three, four or five girls, or even ten if it were possible. They're tied, arms and legs spreadeagled, and all the girls run their hands over him. Then he would feel the hands but he wouldn't know if they're a man or woman's hands, it could be anyone. It's the fear, it's the emotion... It's only the fantasy of being an object and that anything could happen. It's obvious that nothing really unpleasant can happen, I'm not there for that.

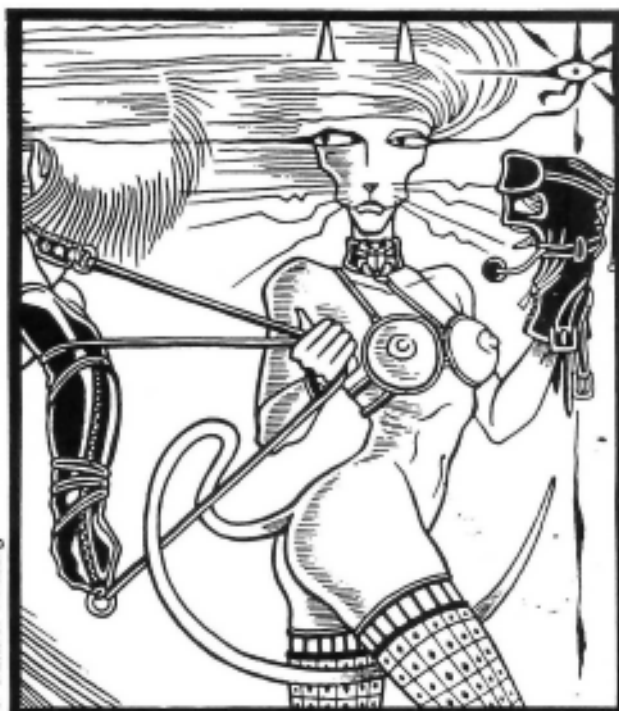
**CAN YOU LEAD A
NORMAL SEX LIFE
ONCE YOU'VE TASTED
DOMINATION?**

SM: And if he doesn't agree? He's tied up...

Gigi: Basically he's in agreement, otherwise he wouldn't be like that, because it's the sort of thing that turns him on.

SM: I suppose that women have fantasies as well...

Gigi: Oh yes, well-known fantasies, gangbang, being a sex object as well, it's a fantasy that crops up in both sexes. For men it's also being dressed as women, cross-dressed as maids. Several people are coming here this afternoon to serve coffee, to do the washing-up... They put on high heels, wigs, a little pinafore, serve all afternoon, and we're very content. And when they've got nothing to do, they sit at our feet and we put our feet up on them. They won't find that anywhere else, they're in heaven, and that suits us very nicely, it's very pleasant.



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SM: Do you think that this fashion will extend into everyday life?

Slave: It exists, matriarchal societies, where it's the woman who dominates the man.

Gigi: Where the woman decides, directs, governs the house, manages the finances, that's all OK now (laughs). Submission is a rest for these poor men who are happy to be governed a bit. In the long run they're a bit fed up with taking responsibility. They are often company managers, and at home, with their Mistress, they think it very nice for things to be decided for them. I don't think that it will ever be part of the working-class world, they haven't got the time to fantasize. You need to have had an advanced enough sort of education, lots of imagination and intelligence to appreciate SM.

SM: Nonetheless, I have the impression that SM has infiltrated into less favoured circles as well.

Gigi: I think that these people are much more SM than the others who want to try it to see what it's like. I believe that these people, practically illiterate, really are slaves, really submissives. They've been like that since childhood. It's a revelation for them, the fuss that's made about it. So, they dare to express themselves. I don't see working-class people passing through here.

SM: I suppose that slaves do the exact opposite of what you want so that they can be punished?

Gigi: The ones who do that still haven't come to terms with themselves yet. Perhaps they haven't told the person who is with them what they really want. They haven't expressed themselves clearly and so they are looking for punishment if she hasn't been strict enough.

SM: But if you feel that they want to be punished, don't you decide not to do it?

Gigi: If it's psychological, you refuse, obviously. If it's physical, you do it because they need it. The psychos real need is to be rejected. It's both difficult and easy. There are always rules, reference points. In spite of everything, you're always asking the people to open their mouths. You shouldn't have to spend three/four sessions trying to find out what they really like, it's so much easier if you know what it is straight away. There are also fantasies which ought not to be realized because they're still not ready to be lived out. A year or two from now they might be very much further in their fantasies. The fantasy itself also evolves. You change fantasies like you change partners. (She addresses her slave:) Apart from you of course, who always has the same fantasies. He stays locked up in a cage all night. I lock him up at nine o'clock and I take him out at midday the next day. He has spent the night covered in chains in his latex. It's a trip which has other variants, eh, not just that one.

SM: Doesn't the latex fantasy come from Mummy's rubber apron, from the plastic or rubber sheet when baby wets the bed?

Slave: Talking about latex, it's manufactured from a rubber base, from hevea sap. The rubber tree... Precisely, it has very aphrodisiac properties which the Greeks exploit to the full in retsina, their famous wine which is matured in fir barrels. It's a remote connection, I know, but fascinating. What I have just said doesn't come from me, it's from John Sutcliffe, the founder of Atomage. (There follows a long discussion about the slave's first experiences, unfortunately totally inaudible on the cassette. The unhappy slave probably wasn't in a comfortable enough position for his voice to carry as far as the microphone).

Gigi: No-one ever says that a slave needs a cuddle after a session, I ask myself why. A cuddle says: "You see that I treat you badly, but that's because I love you. I do all this for your own good (laughs), it's for our good, both of us."

Slave: Oh yes...

Gigi: I have a slave whom I think a great deal of and whom I see practically every day. Psychologically, I take him so far that he cries. Even though I don't touch him. So they certainly need a cuddle.

SM: When they cry, it's the safety-valve letting off steam...

Gigi: Yes, they cry... that's the second valve. The first valve is sexual, the second emotional. The cuddle makes everything all right, I've hurt him, but he forgives me, and me, I prove that I have humiliated him a bit, but that I love him, that I know that I am superior to him. What the cuddle says, is: "I'm getting down off my pedestal to prove that I love you. I love you at my feet, rolled in the mud. I wouldn't love you if you were any different. It's for the good of both of us that you do what you do."

Slave: Champagne up there!

Jürgen Boedt

THE SUBLIME ART OF MISS HUSTER

Prologue: After the joint drafting of the Fundamental Law, chance will decide the nomination of the Masters. They will be four in number and form the Council of Masters. The identity of the two men and two women who constitute it must remain secret. On the other hand, the Four will have available to them all the information relating to the members of the society (photos and curricula vitae). The latter, by sending in their agreements to the Draw, automatically accept the sovereignty of the Fundamental Law. They will thus subject themselves to the authority of the Masters and become active participants in the Game. The Masters will be responsible for the selection and combination of the participants as well as the hierarchy governing relations between them. Equally, the Masters will be required to draw up a Code of Punishments sanctioning any breach of their decisions or of the rules of the Game. The participants will be unaware of the details of this Code.

1 THE ARRIVAL AT THE CIRCLE

You arrive at the appointed place on time. In the empty hall, the hostess who welcomes you tells you with a radiant smile that your wife, having arrived late for her appointment, was sentenced immediately. You would like to know more about it, but it would be premature for you to know more. Lighting your way with a flickering candle, she guides you to the end of a long, dark corridor. There she bends down to open the door and in doing so lights up buttocks designed for your intention: "Oh! I can't find the key." Finally, with an affected gesture of her hand, she will invite you to enter. Whilst you are about to cross the threshold, you will hear her pussy purring. You turn round and suddenly you find yourself being looked up and down contemptuously: that is the last thing you see on your arrival because hands seize you, immobilize you and fit on your face the mask which was intended for you. It covers your face and totally blinds you whilst leaving your mouth uncovered. Intimidated, you keep quiet in the shower-room where, stripped, you are carefully examined for cleanliness. Having been washed in cold water and dried, you are invited to grope your way to the stairs, whose sixteen steps you will descend. You arrive in a room where you are made to kneel down. A hand holds a glass of liqueur to your lips as a sign of welcome. The thoughtfulness of the offering tells you that it is up to you to accept or refuse. But if you had wanted to speak, you would have been surprised to notice that you could not hear because of the tight-fitting hood: you would not be able to hear the sound of your own voice. Enclosed by yourself, you more readily open your mouth. Having drunk, you then feel the nails of a hand inspecting your face. A sudden gesture undoes all the press-studs on the flaps which were depriving you of your hearing: in the background you hear an insane tide of moans of pleasure mixed with cries of orgasm; and, near you, the languorous voice which will not leave you again: "Hello, I'm the young lady who is to attend to you. Drink, and stop thinking about anything. Leave everything to me. You know, the cries of those tarts excite me too. They are all having themselves mounted several times. It's like that all the time. It's a pity for you, you won't get to touch them. And me..." But her voice will suddenly harden when you want to speak: "Never speak. That's an ORDER. You never have the right to speak." And she serves you anew, friendly, a hand under

your chin. The liqueur trickle onto your lips and she wipes them with her silk kerchief. She pours you another glass. The alcohol, going to your head, increases the turmoil which the women's howling provokes in you. The tension is marvellous and unbearable. Seeing that you are quivering, the young lady gets up and then sits herself down behind you. She caresses you for a long time with both hands. So as to calm you down. There... She coats your body in a refreshing, mentholated balm, massaging you all the while. To relax you. Smoothly. She then impregnates the leather and, with infinite care, tightens the laces of the mask you are wearing. "Just getting you ready, handsome Sir." Then this kitten leans towards you and in a languid voice tells you: "In fact I'm the slut who's going to train you." Then she gets up again, indolent and sweet. Not without having prostrated herself at your feet for a long time. Your Virility between her teeth.

2 THE TWO CARYATIDS

Your heart is beating fit to burst at the clicking of her high heels. Straightening up, you hear the noise of a zip fastener being undone and the rustle of a casually discarded garment. Humming, the young lady pours something to drink and comes to kiss you with her delicate flower, her belly up against the nape of your neck. Then she presses her calf up against your hip with her calf and continues her playful caresses of your torso: her silky legwear rustles deliciously whilst rubbing your skin. And, her thigh on your shoulder, thrusting her pelvis forward like a dancer, she moves her face closer to yours and whispers: "I put stockings on to excite you. I prefer men to have a hard on when I use them as armchairs... They're smoky grey... I often put them on." And she runs her tongue along the seams of your mask, wetting the laces. She tells the truth, always. Her voice has suggested contemptible paradises to you even before you were aware of it. You catch a glimpse of each devilish detail being arranged. Miss returns just when the balm begins to burn you all over. When the moistened leather, starting to contract, is moulding itself onto each one of your features with an irresistible force. When, helpless on your numb knees, you would melt with desire like the lowest of female submissives. When she decides, you will ascertain for yourself the start of your subjugation: "Well, little armchair, would you like me to try you out? Remember, if I were to ask

you to lick me, you would serve me as a towel as well... You would be all too happy if I allowed you to wipe my arse, with your tongue of course!" She climbs onto your shoulders and makes you bow your head to the ground. You already find the humid burden of her thighs exquisite. "Come on, don't be bashful, caress my stockings. Good... Take hold of my ankles. No, don't hesitate, come up to the arse, there... You do like me sitting on you, don't you? You know that it's turning me on, mounting you?" And you nod, your head between her knees. But when your hands reach the top of her stocking, a sharp pain in the small of your back brakes your movement. Then you hear a metallic clink, the click of a catch on your wrist. She turns you round, your arms behind your back, and cuffs the hand which had still been free. You feel the noose tightening inexorably. "I'm good with handcuffs... but you were wrong to let me do it: I am especially bitchy on men's backs. And with you, it really was too easy... the first trifle and you can't behave yourself any more! How do you want me to train myself? So I'm going to delight in making you groan... I'm going to take it out on you." Then her stiletto heels are let loose on your flanks. In rhythm, you straighten up and kowtow. In rhythm you broken in to these spurs of pain. When they want to make you to shout, you shout, spurring you even more to silence you. And, under the yoke of her arse, you will gradually be educated to the Whims of Miss. Instructed in the Pleasure of her pussy. A slave to the kittenish ways of little whore... Domesticated by her slutish charms. Dogged by her sadistic teasing, humiliated by a vicious Bitch. And, when lukewarm love marries the sweat on your back, it will remind you of the beautiful caryatids which saddened you as a child.

3 FIRE, LEATHER AND METAL

You wake up on hearing her rise. She takes a plate, some glasses and comes back to you. She uncorks a bottle and by the smell you know right away what is in it. You already have an erection when she begins to cover each and every square inch of your body with balm. Your legs will spread docilely when she impregnates your rod with an unreasonable amount of it. And you are covered, from your anus to your lips, via the nipples of your breasts. The maceration of your body is interminable: when, in the grip of the fire, you begin to writhe with desire, she kisses you and, transported, you let yourself be done to. Almost appeased, she serves you another drink, tells you to wait a bit longer for her. That she is not ready. You are flabbergasted to learn that she too has coated herself with the same cream. So you concentrate on the noise from the hands which are polishing her body and on that of the wetness in her sex. For the first time you picture her, her and her face, her mouth, her hair... You picture her naked, adorning herself for some primitive ceremony, drunk on the strong smell. Then you listen to her doing her hair, carefully getting dressed and putting her shoes on. Finally, she helps you up and puts a cloth on your knees: you both set your salivas ablaze with the peppered balm. Her hands go for a walk in the garden of your body and tremble, moved, on encountering the outline of your oppressed features in the leather. She strokes them lightly at length: "It's almost perfect." Then pulling the corners of your mouth apart with her two middle fingers, she pinches your tongue between her forefinger and thumb. And, like a mischievous pussy, she nibbles your tongue. "I love to see your mouth... I wouldn't want you to shut it any more without my permission... like you did, just now." You irresistibly get a hard on, you come on the hands which oppress you. And her hips grind, grind, brushing against your straining sex. Your fiery sex... "Now I'm going

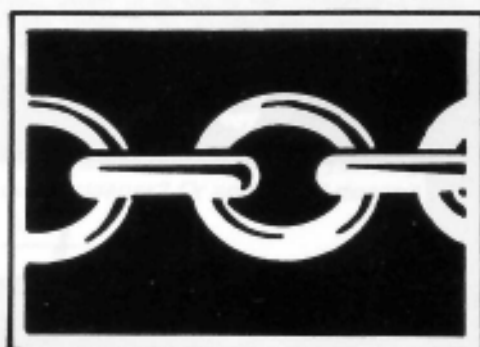
to make you like that. I'm going to lie down in front of you with my legs wide apart. Can you feel my heels on your chest? There. I'm spreading my lips with my forefinger... the outer ones... the inner ones... and I'm fucking myself with it right up my cunt. There... Then with the thongs... I half take it out and I push it right the way back in with my finger... and again... it's good, if only you knew. Come closer with your lovely lips." Her legs cross in the nape of your neck and digging into your back, she pulls you towards her. You can hear the lewd coming and going of the object clearly, you can smell the heavily perfumed scent of her sex and you stick your tongue out, trying miserably to reach it. Then, spreading her legs horizontally, she clutches your head: "Now, come and taste your slut's pussy. I know you're dying to. Come on now, open your mouth and close your eyes." She arches her pelvis again, supporting herself on her forearms. Legs crossed pincer-like on your back. You feel a metal ball pop out between your lips. You remain thus, gaping, lips rounded around the gleaming sphere. "It's a steel gag which was used on the girls in the brothels, on those who talked too much. With, you could flog them until you drew blood, and the darlings remained silent, adorable. It's very practical, you'll see. I'll make you try it out. The leather thongs fasten in the nape of the neck. I adore doing it to men. You're going to adore it as well. You'll be a love, with it. Muzzled like a bitch." And, digging her heels into your sides, she pushes you away with measured slowness. You return to your place near her, trembling, shattered. The woman then lies down comfortably on her side. Silent, she examines you for long minutes. Then you approach her when she orders you to do so. She smokes whilst caressing herself, blowing the smoke over your stiff cock, taking the glans between her teeth. Without moving, without stopping smoking, or frigging herself. She lights up another cigarette. You get a hard on. She clenches her teeth again. You get even harder. Feel the glowing embers, the pain drawing closer. Then, in a generous loving gesture, you blossom completely, you give yourself completely and open your mouth... Miss gets up, calmly crushes her cigarette with the tip of her shoe and lets the thong unroll from her finger. The sphere drops noiselessly and comes to rest on the tip of your tongue. "Well, do you want it? But you will have to learn to ask, my lamb. I'm wearing black patent leather shoes. Five inch. They're dirty. Here." You feel the pointed tip push against your chin and you fall backwards to the floor. You kiss them, timidly at first. "Come on, show me." When they slip away, you search panic-stricken for them with your lips. And you kiss every inch of them. "But I told you to wash them." And you crawl, mouth open, to lick the stiletto heels which are delighting in you. Trodden on by one, you snap up the other, ecstatic. You lick. The patent leather. The dust. The floor. With a passion which compels you, you enjoy this humiliating posture, you enjoy hearing your mistress laugh at you: "I see that you are very keen on tart's shoes. Here. I'll let you have a heel. Suck it." And whilst you greedily consume this ignoble meal, she tells you about her boots, untouched by any man... Tiring of the game, she finally rewards her thing by hurriedly gagging it. "My dear friend, here you are stamped YVONNE HUSTER. I was ordered to train you, but I am an artist, not a prostitute. You will have the time to compare the Sublime Art and the sale. Little sponge!" You spend all night thinking about the charms of this woman who, after only a few hours of treatment, was certain of making you make love to her shoes as well as to the piece of metal with which she habitually masturbates.

4 THE GIFT OF ANASTASIA

When the water wakes you up, you become aware of new hands, a new perfume. Your mistress explains to you that the hostess who received you had tried to follow you. That her case has been investigated and her fate sealed: she will be put at the disposal of Miss Huster until the end of the session. Who will treat you to some light entertainment: your former hostess prostrates herself at your feet and pulls her cheeks apart. The cheerful whistling of the riding crop marks the beginning of her cruel slavery. Happy at having rediscovered your Suzerain, you nonetheless tremble for the little woman from whom such terrible screams are being torn. Despite the blows, she crawls to you and delights you with the passion with which her tongue works you. You do not understand her sacrifice. You have consented to the same fate - but for yourself. Uneasy, you feel tears dripping onto your thighs and the woman's tearful locks brush your sex: you would vent your feelings without the presence of Miss. You hear her get up and march round her slaves like a bird of prey. The too regular sound of her heels tells you her mood. Finally, you will hear how she returns from the foot of the woman's outstretched body. How she furiously whips the sex of the hostess, who moans under the intrusion of the shaft; how she ferociously grabs her tits whilst insulting her. How the witch delights in blending the dreadful screams of pain with those of intense pleasure. Beside yourself, you speak up for the woman who has given herself to you. You speak and you will never the savagery of the laugh which answers you. Nor the sudden ripple of applause. "And here my love, I've got you. Now I can really make you my thing. Don't complain, idiot! You know that you're really going to like it. Tie him up!" Confused, you register the sound of footsteps on the carpets, men's and women's voices. Precise orders are barked, sounding like cloth tearing. Pulling on the wrist cuffs. Tightening the waist of the corset. Fixing your limbs with straps. Putting on an iron collar. On you, a statue of flesh harnessed in the black night. Necessarily upright. When Miss comes back, unctuous, you lovingly embrace the aristocratic foot which she deigns to position at your lips. You open your mouth at the light insistence of her nails. And you are jubilant at the metal sphere. "You are delightfully adorable. With the riding crop, you won't be able to stop yourself from loving me: the more you suffer, the more you will be hooked. There are no limits, you know, and I've hardly got any limits. I have spoilt you already with Anastasia: she whips even better than she caresses. I taught her to do both. She has been my maidservant for a long time. Perhaps you realize that she lost deliberately today. You, too, will serve me when you are ready. We will do great things together the three of us. You will obey me and, from time to time, I will come and attend to you. Like today, or some other way if you prefer. And if you satisfy me, I'll give you Anastasia to play with. It's really true, she likes you... you are handsome now, adorned like a slave, sculpted... But the dear is getting impatient. If you hurt too much, think about the ace of spades on her arse and about what you'll do with her when you've got her: you're still excited. Will you think of me as well? Oh, you are a love! You know, I'm very beautiful too... I'm dark-haired with a fleur-de-lys on my shoulder and you'll see that I'm much, much more of a woman than you think." Then in very precise words, she tells you all about the postures of Her torments and of Her voluptuous pleasures. She enumerates in detail all the calculated stages of Her degeneration. She tells you that even Anastasia has played with her. She tells you how your wife has, for hours and hours, been the plaything of the crowd which is watching you.

By Mr P B from Montpellier

THE SECRET PIN!



We have designed an absolutely discreet pin which is nevertheless meaningful for those in the know. If you wish to get in touch with other domination enthusiasts and fetishists, wear the SECRET pin! Thanks to this pin you will easily recognize each other at parties, because you'll be one of the family! Limited edition of 500! Sorry, no reprint later! So, we advise you to act fast. To get one, write to: SECRET, B. P. 1400, 1000 Bruxelles 1, Belgium or direct from: Boutique MINUIT, 60 Centre du Centre, 1000 Bruxelles, Belgium. Price: BF 250 for mail order, BF 200 for shop sale. For our French friends: Le Scarabée d'Or, 61 Rue Mr Le Prince, 75006 Paris, France.

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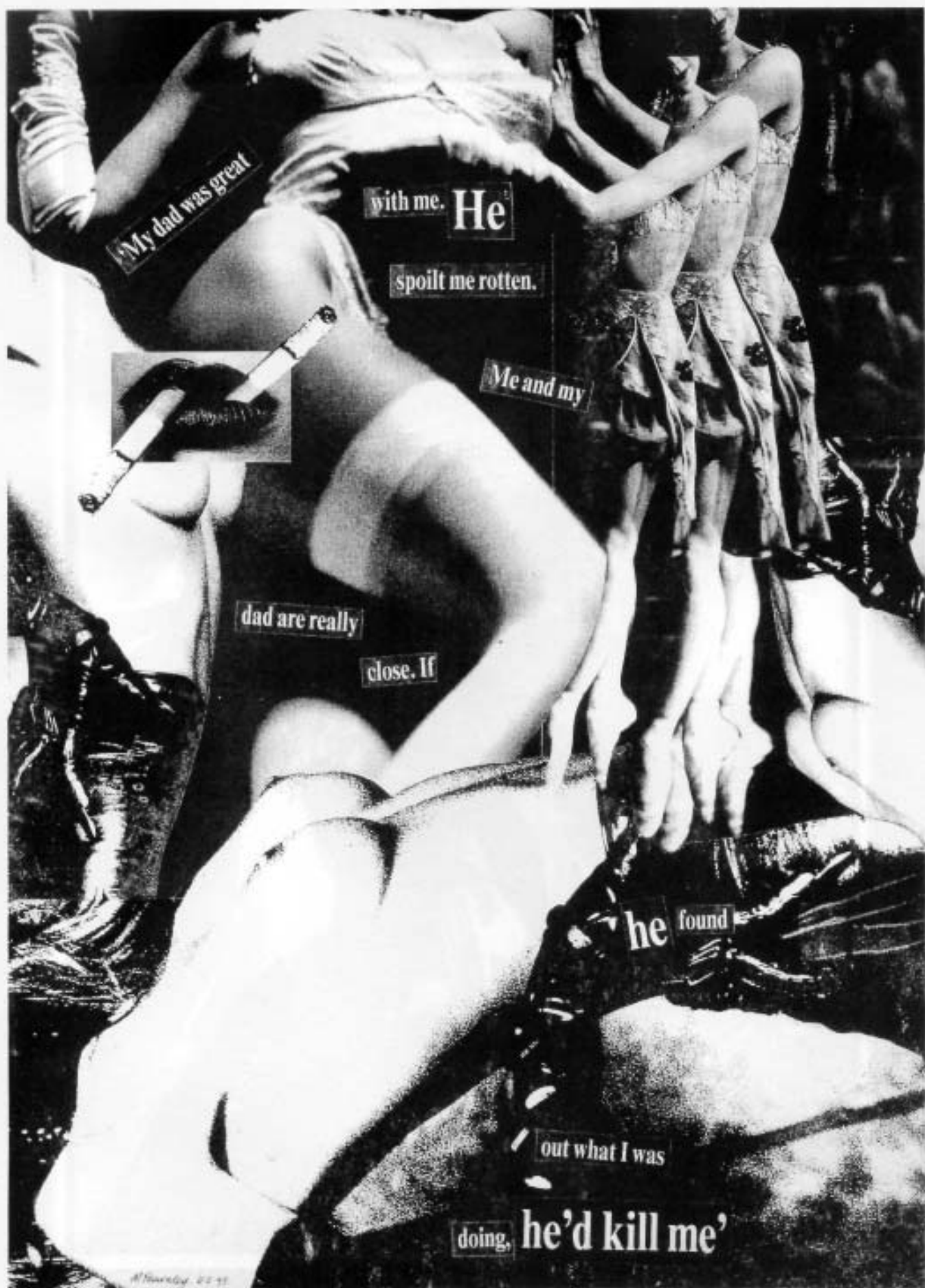
Undoubtely one of the most busy fetishist in Belgium, Jacques Leurquin, our staff photographer delivers us her his latest pictures. He has earned his spurs and reputation and is now finally becomming known. His passion for pvc and high heels can be found back in all his pictures, especially in his latest book: **LES FANTASMATIQUES** (available for £10 at SECRET). His next exposition will be held from 9th October untill the 5th November at The Galerie L'Oeuvre au Noir, Rue Hors-le-Chateau, 4000 Liège, Belgium.

Among being a member of our redaction, he is also the founder of the first fetish club in Belgium: **THE FANTASMATIC AND FETISH CLUB**. Only recently started, they allready have several members and have small parties in Belgium. The next party's will be on the 23rd October and New-Years eve. If you are interested you can contact them at the following adress:
P.O.Box 184, 5000 Namur, Belgium.









My dad was great

with me. He

spoilt me rotten.

Me and my

dad are really

close. If

he found

out what I was

doing, he'd kill me'

IT'S MY CRATE!

It was without hesitation, and despite the flood of fascinating mail, that the gang at Secret chose the following letter for the "testimonies" section. In it we find that playful aspect of real life SM which we adore. The letter is so spontaneous, so bubbly, that we feel that we are sitting in an armchair and watching Maryse wriggling in her crate. But what would have happened if Michel had bought a vacuum cleaner? Or an iron? It doesn't bear thinking about...

Two months ago we bought a new washing machine. It was delivered to us in a wooden crate. When Michel exclaimed "We'll keep the crate" I immediately suspected that he had something in mind. True, it was a nice crate, made of lovely two inch slats with a two inch gap between them. Michel spent the weekend sanding and varnishing the crate and the following week it was ready. "Come and christen it" Michel said to me. And he put me in it! The lid padlocked, I found myself sitting on the floor of the crate, completely confined. Michel watched me through the bars, he circled the crate, he told me that I was terribly beautiful in this position. He left me in the crate for a while, sitting next to me to read "Secret Magazine". In reply to the tearful looks which I gave him from time to time, he told me that he loved me and that made it easier for me to wait. When he took me out of the crate, having made me wait a good while, I very much wanted some love to put me back on my feet. And love is what I got, taken first on the settee, then standing, leaning against the crate. Michel has put the crate in a corner of the sitting room. I've always got it before my eyes, to remind me of my submissiveness. It gives me a very funny feeling to see this crate and to think that I am going to go in it. Michel doesn't put me in it often, he finds that it has more effect on me once in a while - and he's right, the waiting is often the best part. One day, when I was in the crate, Michel told me to get undressed. I thought it would be easy, but not at all, I banged myself all over. The hardest part was taking off my tights as I couldn't straighten my legs out. I remained stark naked, I didn't know where to put myself, I was embarrassed, which Michel thought was very funny. He picked up a long stick with which he amused himself by teasing me through the bars. He poked my boobs, or slid the stick between my thighs. I was in a fine old state, I wanted to make myself come, but I didn't dare. Happily we made love afterwards, and I subsequently came several times. Once, Michel invited Claude and Nadia, friends with much the same tastes as us, over to our place. I was in the crate, stark naked, which certainly amused our guests a great deal. Nadia squatted down next to the crate: she was very interested in me. Seeing this, Michel suggested to Claude "if we put her in with Maryse, she can see what it's like." They stripped Nadia, and Michel opened the crate to put her in. It wasn't easy, I had to roll myself up on the bottom, legs folded under me. Nadia found herself in front of me, legs spread either side of mine. At first I scowled at Nadia a bit, I thought that it was her fault that we were wedged in like that, jammed up against one another like that. And then after all, I was in MY crate! But Nadia began to kiss my face, that relaxed me. I returned her kisses and she nibbled my ears. Two girls crushed up against one another, stark naked to boot, what do you



© Couraqui

expect? Then we began to frig each other, for the greater pleasure of our husbands who were watching us. We excited ourselves more and more, but as we were unable to move, we couldn't come. We asked our husbands to let us out and finish us off. They let us wait a while, we were in a sweat, that increased the tension even more for us. At last they took us out! Michel grabbed Nadia by the hair and slapped her all over. He invited Claude to do the same with me, "to make the aches go away" as he said. Claude set to, I saw that he wasn't very experienced and I gave him some advice, because spanking a girl properly isn't easy. We got a good few slaps, not painful but quite loud, which don't hurt but do get your blood moving and warm you up nicely. And as we were already quite warm, the result was quite explosive, our husbands put us on the settee and went from one to the other of us. What a party! I'll close in the hope that my letter will be published. If it is, read it on Saturday afternoon and think of me, I'm always in my crate then.

Your devote submissive
Maryse

THE THREE KEYS TO DREAMS

We usually remember our dreams after we have dreamt them. Some people live out their dreams after they have dreamed them - they are Secret Magazine readers. We're handing you the three main keys which will open the door to your secret dream. But, speaking of fantasies, this door has so many locks on it that we will never have finished trying to open it. What great luck!

First key: the noble materials

We are all fetishists at heart. In our love lives it is the fetishist attraction which activates physical love and fantasies. We get hooked on marvellous eyes, high-heeled shoes, a very tight belt, a sultry mouth, shapely legs, skintight jeans... Conscious of corporal fetishism, women play on it to the full. They can use it for their own pleasure, but for ours as well. They love showing themselves, making you court them and for that reason adorn their bodies with the most elegant outfits. Women can be flamboyant, exciting, wearing high-heeled patent leather shoes, net stockings, long gloves... These are the materials which excite us. The most common fetishism is for these materials or for accessories of all sorts.

With the AIDS risk, fetishism is experiencing a comeback like in the good old days of inaccessible women. Because we are looking for women with character, initiative, imagination and an extraordinary will to drive us wild! We are no longer looking for a push-over where everything has become too easy. Men (and some women, too) like to roam, to have fun, to crawl before getting a bit of a cuddle. Can't be helped, it's in our nature.

Thanks to fashion, the shop windows reflect the colours of the oh so beloved materials: vinyl, latex, plastic, python, leather... that is to say everything that resembles a second skin. Some women can play at being the mistress, with no other slave than the man in the street whose dream is to touch these objects of desire. But the woman shies away and in doing so only becomes more exciting. Her leather shorts, her latex mini or her vinyl dress are provocative. The man stretches out his hand but, underneath, the body stockings are opaque, striped or latex. The laced shoes, the thigh boots frustrate him and excite him at the same time. He adores what he cannot get. The woman plays hard to get and the man becomes the prey on which she might deign to place her foot. The man is in love with his own fear and the woman with her disguise, a veritable dominatrix's

***Isn't one more
attracted to
someone untouchable?***

armoury, and at the same time she is in the greatest danger: that of becoming the slave of her domination.

The indecent lady whipper has lots of accessories: dog collar, leather cuffs, long latex or vinyl gloves, thigh boots trimmed in red... She seduces the fetishist with masochistic tendencies. This often goes hand in hand with all these second skins, natural or imitation.

She and he are captivated by the games "dressing up" and "untouchable". Isn't one more attracted to someone untouchable? And isn't the game more exciting when the person is a forbidden place where the most innocent glance becomes fraught with significance?

J.B.

Second key: the relationship without wiles

We all have dominant or submissive tendencies... or both. But not neither of the two. A good many people outside this particular world of ours experience a certain frustration at not being able to talk about a certain frustration. In "everyday" life you lose face as a maker and shaker if you reveal your peccadillos to the social mob and you're heading for disaster if you give free rein to your desire for submission. On the other hand, act the dominant and be treated like an antisocial bastard. Of course I'm oversimplifying in the extreme, but you must admit that there is an element of truth in what I'm saying.

Now enter the sub/dom world and prostrate yourself in front of a stranger to lick his feet just because your Master orders you to, let your wife choke you to the point of suffocation or stay on your knees, blindfolded and with your hands behind your head, whilst your lover touches you and simply describes the spots which you love so much. You'll come back for more, and your partners will come back to it...

Something of a mystery, and yet so easily explained. Behind closed doors (these closed doors might possibly conceal dozens of "extras"), your games of submission and domination are acts of altruism, often proof of love. Whether you are ashamed of yourself sometimes, or whether it's you who makes other people go through hell, you emerge from acting out this nightmare with unparalleled vitality.

There are two distinct routes leading from this starting point, from these initial experiences. Your life will unfold very differently depending on which path you have chosen (because you do have a choice). One: You live out domination as a game which you play, whether from time to time with the partner of your choice or by increasing the number of meetings with the concomitant risk (!) of going further each time. Your strength of character will develop, whichever role you choose. Why? Because with a bit of luck you will blossom to an extent you had never before thought possible.

Two: The virus will affect you and your only desire will be to dominate the other person permanently, or to always be submissive, without ever again having a will of your own other than that dictated by your Master/Mistress. We know several people who are into non-stop domination. They are the first to admit that this fantasy is utopian, but that doesn't stop them chasing after it.

What is fascinating is this proof of trust, given or received, and what is even more fascinating is to hear the accounts of those who (want to) go further than you. But where are the limits anyway?

Third key: the objects of the suffering

How do the people who like suffering, whether they are sadists or masochists, discover their inclinations? Our numerous contacts with this subject tend to distinguish between two general cases: those "who've always been that way" and those who find out about themselves at a later stage in their lives. The faster ones clearly remember their first emotions or childhood dreams, when they were tied to a tree whilst playing cowboys and Indians, when they were more agitated than subdued at getting a spanking, when they spent their time martyring brothers, sisters or younger neighbours.

How do the people who like suffering, whether they are sadists or masochists, discover their inclinations?

In adolescence youngsters develop their rebellion in a relatively easy direction by channelling the generation conflict either into the quest for independence or into opposing the values of the previous generation - and in doing so they forget to seek their own identities.

Adolescent often fiercely repress their real nature, which gels in early childhood. Sadomasochism does not necessarily effect everybody (although...), but it is a good example of this theory among those which we know best. I am sometimes alarmed to discover a black hole of ten, even twenty, years separating naive and spontaneous youth from the moment when an adult finally accepts his or her sexuality, fantasies and intimate life in general. Truth to tell, my admiration for those few lads and lasses who - though scarcely old enough to vote - live out their very special fantasies in the greatest harmony, serenity and determination knows no bounds.

In SM another pattern crops up too often to be mere coincidence. If - unlike the people I have just described - the penchant for masochism is not clear from the start, our subject will often experience a first stirring of emotions on discovering the masochism of others, for instance at a party. We often bump into them, these greenhorns who for the first time witness a slave suffering and don't really know how to come to terms with the conflict between the pity and fascination raging in their minds and who were even more taken aback on seeing the signs of profound voluptuous pleasure in the eyes of the "martyr" at the end of a session. They were in fact moved by the feelings it caused in themselves. Afterwards, it was enough to come across a good opportunity to, in their turn, undergo the terrible ill treatment which their own desire was inflicting on them.

Once they have accepted their own masochism, the adorers of suffering very often turn to the opposite pole. They will often inflict that which they have put up with and that all the better because a touch of jealousy could be pushing them to act: what wouldn't they give to be in their victims' shoes when they make them suffer like that...

So the vicious circle closes, as surely as a pair of handcuffs snapping shut around the wrists. The odds are that anyone striding along the road with a sure step, head high and feeling great, is more likely to be a sadomasochist than someone who hugs the walls for fear of the sky falling on his head.

V.M.

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READING SECTION

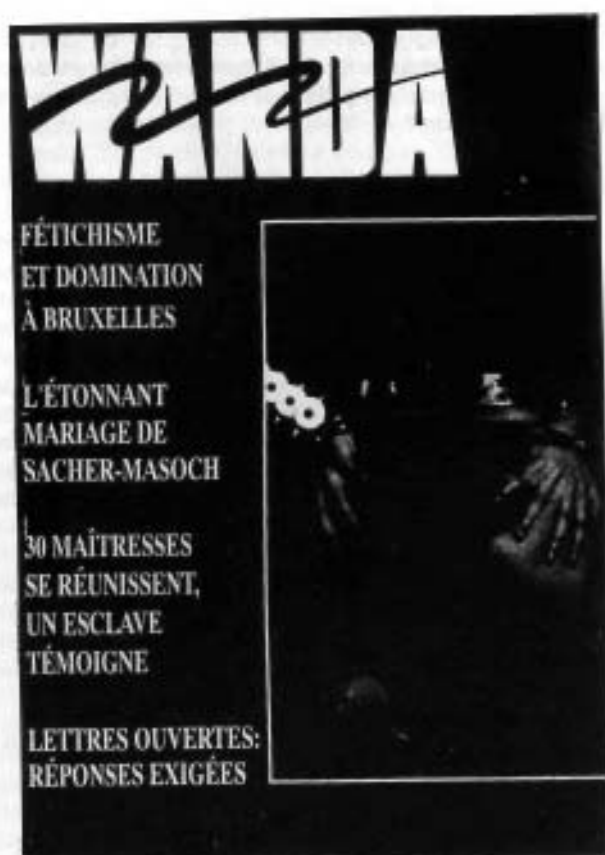
In the course of our issues the "READING" section will inform you about other fetishist magazines or any other magazines which caught our eye in particular.

MAGAZINES:

CRUELLA NO 1: This new magazine is not really a surprise. You can't change the fetishist world, but you can make a beautiful contribution to it: a fantasy world devoted to the dominant woman. Lots of photos (some in colour) of dominatrices in leather thigh boots and slips. All very neat. An interesting magazine to discover. CRUELLA, P. O. BOX 122, DERBY DE3 4XA, England.



PFIQ NO 38: Piercing Fans International Quarterly is an up-market American magazine devoted solely to piercing. Jim Ward is a pioneer in the field. It's been around since 1975. The magazine is clear, neat, and the piercing photos are explicit. It is instructive too (it describes each piercing from start to finish). Price: US\$12.50. They also have a catalogue of jewellery for US\$5. Their address: Gauntlet Inc, 1201 Old County Rd, Unit 3, BELONT CA 94002, USA.



WANDA: Nothing but dominant women! Very similar to DEMONIA, small format, photos etc. This latest issue figures the SACHER-MASOCH marriage, testimony by a slave, readers' letters, a report about Nuit du Desir party. On sale at newsagents in France and Belgium: FF 35. For more information: N S P, 38 Rue Servan, 75544 Paris Cedex 11, France.

"O" FASHION, FETISH & FANTASIES 17:

The very beautiful, luxurious German fetish revue has just given birth to this, its latest little gem. New layout, more information (mostly English, USA and German), superb photos with TABBY and surrealistic, futuristic drawings of the girls by Sorayama, the Szene, a good story and lots of news make up the bulk of this latest issue. Beautiful, chic, incontrovertible. On sale in good fetishist boutiques or directly at: Techcom, Kronprinzenstr. 30, 5650 Solingen 1, Germany. Price: 35DM/£60.

BODY ART NO 17: The magazine was late - but it was worth it! It is without doubt the best body art magazine, which also deals with piercing, tattooing and any other form of decorating the body. In this issue you will find reports on the recent **STAINLESS STEEL BALL** (see our next issue), on **COLCHESTER TATTOO** and on the **BODY ART CONVENTION** as well as a fascinating article recounting women's impressions of their piercings and another article on facial decoration (including photos). In it you will also find portraits of Jerold Rosen, Darren Stares Tattoo, sculptures for the body by Abi Rapley, Sally Griffin's unforgettable body-shots etc. **BODY ART**, P.O.Box 32, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk NR29 5RD, England Blake End, England. Price: £7.

DIVINITY VOL 1 NO 2: A discovery for us and, we hope, for you too. This magazine is intriguing, fascinating and curious. It deals with various subjects: interviews with underground stars, video reviews, amusing texts, The Torture Garden, Joys of Torture (with an interesting article about Masimo Akita which you will discover in this **SECRET**). Do mention **SECRET** when you write to them: Divine Press, P O Box 108, Stockport, Cheshire SK1 4DD, England. Price £3.



CATALOGUES

MAIL & FEMALE: A mail order company run by women and specializing in articles for women and lesbians. This latest little masterpiece shows that women are demanding a reliable, competent firm. This catalogue includes typical articles for women (including lesbians), such as transparent bodies, dildos, creams, ultra-sophisticated vibrators, plus a small range of SM articles like cuffs, nipple clamps and whips. The interesting thing about the catalogue is that it is not shocking at all but is very aesthetic. It also deals with: advice on female masturbation, information about books and videos etc. Price: Hfl 12.50. Mail & Female, Postbus 16668, 1001 RD Amsterdam, Netherlands. Tel: 020-936074.

Jürgen Boedt



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NEED KLEAVE LETTERS

As we said in our editorial, we have been flooded with enthusiasitic letters packed with compliments and creativity. Don't stop! We open your mail, we all read your letters together and discuss the fantasies you have experienced etc. It's like a good concert, you want more of it! We love it!

YOU'RE FOLLOWING THE EXAMPLE OF OLD WINES.

Dear chief editor, Firstly, congratulations on the latest issue: top contents, volume, layout and variety. You are following the example of old wines. Keep it up! Then, a bit of an idea which just came to me and which, I think, might be a first... why not organize (under your aegis) a buy-sell-exchange fair for SM/fetish "gear". They already exist for stamps and pins, so why not for SM mags, photos and prints, books and videos, high heels and thigh boots, suspender belts, leather and latex togs... It could be held two or three times a year - why not before one of your terrific parties - and would be an excellent way of widening horizons. What do you reckon? I would be delighted to help set it up, if you're interested. In anticipation of your reply, friendly greetings:

Michel T, Brussels.

SECRET: Thanks for your letter and compliments. The idea of organizing a sort of fair isn't bad but in view of the fact that SM is still very taboo in Belgium and that public interest isn't enormous, we don't think that many people would be interested. Over to you readers!

STRONG WOMEN

Me, what I like is strong women, strong in body and mind, preferably mature, 40 - 50 years old, authoritarian women, strict, able to walk all over a doormat like me. It all started when I was 18, when I left the family nest to take up my studies in a university town. I landed at Madame Mado's, who rented me a small room. She fascinated me, this big, dark-haired, buxom woman with an authoritarian air. "Behave yourself", "obey", "sparks are going to fly" - with these few words she introduced me to my life under her roof. That evening in bed, I wanked myself off thinking about her. Two days later, forgetting to take my shoes off when I came home earned me a good dressing-down followed by a few slaps. I did it again the next day, and this time she pulled my trousers down, spanked me hard and then made me stand in the corner, barebummed and with my hands on my head. This had a great effect on me, the result: a lovely erection, impossible to hide. "He wants it, he'll get it!" exclaimed Madame Mado raining slaps on my thighs. But the way she looked at me with a funny little smile at the corner of her mouth, I realized that we were both going to get on well together. And we did get on well together, I got to know Madame Mado's hands, these great paws which beat down on my thighs and bum as regular as clockwork. I got them often as I didn't always behave very well. One day I rummaged through the laundry basket, drawn by her knickers and stockings. I got caught red-handed, of course, was very severely spanked and spent the evening tied to a chair, a pair of stockings in my mouth, dirty knickers on my head with the crotch over my nose so that I could enjoy the smell. The hands which punished me were also the ones which made me feel better when they relieved my painfully hard cock with an energetic but beneficial hand-job. These plastic-gloved hands which were then dried in my long hair or which I carefully cleaned with my tongue, savouring my submission. In the evening, Madame Mado watched TV in her dressing gown, and me, I had my head under her dressing gown, she had taught what to do. With her I learned quickly, by a very efficient method based on slaps in the face and a wet towel/floorcloth to the legs. Madame Ida, Madame Mado's cousin, used to come and stay with her for the holidays. Even stricter! A real dragon! Never happy, always bawling, I got hit for nothing. Decidedly obese, she was fond of her creature comforts and walked about the house dressed in a poncho, without shoes. I knew these feet well, often licking them as a sign of submission, until my tongue was completely irritated by her nylon tights. One day, stark naked, she made lick her cellulite for a long time (I can't guarantee any results for slimming). It was also her who made me wear women's slippers and my first tights, a habit which I've kept up so as to maintain my state of inferiority. She didn't want to sleep by herself, so she took me to bed with her, and when we made love she lay on top of me, crushing me under her weight, it was even better if she had beaten me up first. This will give you some idea of what I put up with at the hands of these strong women, whom I left with regret, luckily having had other adventures since. But I'll stop now, Madame Nicole will be back soon and I haven't finished the housework yet, think of me, sparks will fly!

Your servant, Charles



ONE BIG FAMILY

I came across your magazine a little more than a year ago. Congratulations on your articles and the seriousness with which you deal with subjects which until then still seemed too "taboo" to me. But when reading your various magazines I feel more and more like part of a large family whose fantasies are almost limitless. So in this letter I have decided to tell you about my favourite fantasy: I am actually a great fetishist of thigh boots which you frequently mention in numerous articles. The sight of a long-legged woman wearing thigh boots makes me really excited. I am lucky enough to have a partner who is prepared to wear them regularly. Each year, the autumn/winter fashion season lets me discover what these high-booted goddesses will have in store for me: fashion magazines, shoeshop windows, everything is an excuse for admiring dreamy thigh boots. But my fetishism is not limited to admiring them.

My excitement is complete when I put on one of the pairs of thigh boots which I wear under my jeans at home, at work or in town. For two years now it has actually been possible to find thigh boots which go unnoticed when worn in this way. I own, among others, a pair of very high brown leather thigh boots which I almost never take off. The sensual leather which envelopes my legs gives me a wild sensation. Today, however, I would like to push this experience a little bit further. I'm thinking about going for a walk in town this winter, wearing thigh boots over skintight trousers. Fashion is, after all, increasingly unisex and why shouldn't the man in the street follow in the footsteps of d'Artagnan and certain artistes today and wear these fantastic boots? Doesn't fashion often look to the past? A word to the designers... I won't forget to tell you about this thigh-booted stroll in another letter.

Thigh-bootedly yours
Chris Wallonie

I AM KEEN ON SM

I am keen on SM. For several years, between '69 and '76, I travelled quite a lot in Europe, not missing any opportunity to attend happenings or events. But I also had the opportunity to take part in astonishing scenes from everyday life. The first time, it was in 1970, in a big shop in the suburbs of London. A young woman had stolen some bits and pieces. As punishment and to serve as an example she was led around the shop with the word "thief" in big letters on a piece of card hanging round her neck. One of the shopgirls kept an eye on her and they had taken away her shoes to stop her running away and, no doubt, to humiliate her as well. She went round the shop several times under the amused gaze of the customers and twice had to stand on a stepladder so that everyone could see her clearly. She bowed her head but didn't seem too embarrassed. A customer told me that she was a recidivist and that that was why she was being led around. Another time, in 1972, I was present at a more or less similar scene in a popular bar in Hamburg: the waitress had been made to stand in the corner for dropping a tray full of food. She was kneeling on a stool, at the side of the bar. Dressed only in her bodystocking and knickers, she had the word "clumsy" written in lipstick on her belly. She was a woman of about forty, with heavy features. Her arms were tied behind her back but she didn't seem to mind the situation, even joking with the customers. There atmosphere was good-natured, some customers were even pawing her tits. But she stayed in the corner a good while just the same: she was already on the stool when I arrived and was still there when I left two hours later. I had twice been for a wank in the toilets. I often take the train when moving on. That's how come I ran into two policemen frogmarching a woman prisoner one day, on a station in the north of France. She was a tall blonde, wearing a short dress and plain mules, with a long ladder in one stocking. She was handcuffed and one of the policemen was holding the handcuffs by the chain. While they



were crossing the station the girl let herself be dragged at the end of the chain: I think she was doing it on purpose. Everyone was looking at her. On the platform, she positioned herself so that she could be seen and the policemen had to pull her by the chain again to get in the train. It was a great sight and for several nights after that I wanked off thinking about that beautiful handcuffed tart, picturing her in a cage. I have since read that being handcuffed gives some women erotic sensations. I also remember a morning in 1975 when I was doing a bit of shopping in Paris. A woman customer, about forty, Sloane Ranger type, was having an argument with two salesgirls. Their voices rose quickly, above all those of the salesgirls, one of them exclaiming: "she asking for it, the stuck up cow! And she's going to get it". And they caught the customer and took her out of the shop. There were some empty dustbins on the pavement. The salesgirls pushed the woman into a dustbin and pressed down on her shoulders to ram her into it. The woman was trying to free herself, she was wriggling about, her skirt rode up and you could see her suspenders. "That's put you in your place, stuck up cow!" the two salesgirls told her. They went back into the shop and the passers-by



© Chouriqui

who had stopped to watch helped the unfortunate customer out of the dustbin. The woman was in a terrible state: she had lost her shoes and laddered her stockings. A chap offered to drive her home, she accepted and they left in his car. Perhaps to get over her fright, the woman got herself laid. At that time I used to go to ladies' wrestling matches. Often enough it was very run-of-the-mill but from time to time there were godsend to spice it up a bit. I remember one lady wrestler who played the tough, fighting with a nylon stocking over her face to make herself look more frightening. But she ended up by being floored and they took her nylon stocking off. Sometimes the girls would even wear leotards which they ripped off each other during the fight. Once, the loser was forced to kneel with a toilet seat round her neck... These are some of my memories. Now I am retired, I do some bondage with my wife Dominique who, being very passive, really likes it.



© Chouriqui

This "Mailbag" is a translation of our regular french edition as we have had almost no mail from our "english speaking readers". We are sure that this will change, and ask you to send us your story's and if you have any pictures, don't hesitate, send them aswell!

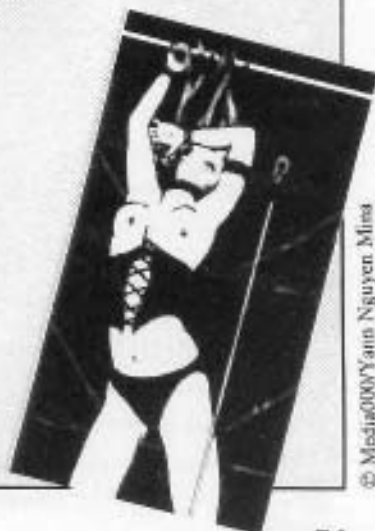
J.B.



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VIDEO

SECTION



Media 000-SPLEEN-CX/FIN-STOCK-SHOTS Length: 21 minutes A fabulous video production by YANN NGUYEN MINA, consisting of four real short-length little gems, one of which (Media 000) was the main film in a video show produced in 1982 and presented at the Museum of Modern Art in the Centre Pompidou/Paris. I really adore these marvelous kaleidoscopic images combining surrealism, fetishism, an ode to Charles Baudelaire and subtle SM where the producer's talent and the visual magic make you want to take part in the mystery. A videographic masterpiece, to be acquired immediately! Notice to collectors: my score: 10/10.

SKIN TWO 3 Length approx 50 minutes In this third SKIN TWO VIDEO production Mistress IEISH presents us with different clips and reports complementing the (yet again) long-awaited magazine. The discovery of the journalist Suzy Feay from the fabulous "Rubber Fetishist" world at the SKIN TWO WAREHOUSE and the flashes of her enthusiastic metamorphosis are followed by a report on and interview with the fantastic erotic photographer HOUK RANDALL. A portrait which you will really appreciate. Other clips devoted to the cult of the HIGH-HEELED SHOE FETISH (TB) and to the NEW WAVE stylist Vicky WATSON take us to the last, very interesting part of this video. A document to the memory of JOHN SUTCLIFFE, genius designer at the start of the 60s with the avantgarde magazine ATOMAGE. My score: 7/10.

SKIN TWO No 4 Length approx 50 minutes This new SKIN TWO fetish video recaptures many of the scenes at the "First Europerve Party", which was so brilliantly organized by Demask of Amsterdam. Later, in the portrait gallery of great fetishist photographers, it will be a tremendous pleasure to rediscover one of the greatest: BOB CARLOS CLARKE. The other clips introduce us to the fetish designer FLEUR OAKES, a new book "Love Bites" by Della GRACE whose photographic predilection tackles world of lesbian SM with a certain talent, tattoos in LAL HARDY's inimitable style, a lesson from Mistress IEISH on Victorian lacing-up and finally HOUK RANDALL's latest exhibition at the K61 Centrum in Holland. My score: 6/10.

Jack Blackskai

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London N1 (071 226 0665).



JOURNEY TO THE LAND OF FANTASIES

Domination in all its states. You might think that fantasies are unlimited, incredibly personal and truly unique. They are nothing of the sort - unfortunately? - as it seems that society, the order of certain things, the educative image and our instincts always propel us towards certain fantasies which are both very symbolic and very organized according to predetermined modes of behaviour. At the risk of disappointing some people, let's take a look at some sub/dom fantasies, always bearing in mind that (and it's here that they become personal) they combine, overlap, merge...

UNIFORMS

A mere look and we are plunged into the world of domination, of hierarchical or social inequality. Military uniform where the higher rank dominates, police uniform where the civilian submits, maid's uniform where the Master has himself served, nurse's uniform where the patient is treated, prison officer's uniform where the prisoner submits to the rules, the Mistress's uniform where the slave grovels... It often takes very little more than the uniform for the situation to be clear and for each to assume his or her role. And you have to be able to slip into the role as well as into the uniform.

RAPE

Even those women and men who fantasize about rape don't really want to be raped. Their fantasy is about loss of control, about letting go, about offering, about giving themselves up solely to pleasure - in a sort of mixture of humiliation and submission - to the desires of others...



© Alex Vancotte



Which in the final analysis are their own. Ferociously opposed to rape, women fantasize about it nonetheless, such is the eternal power of fantasies. No need to worry about them, they are only daydreams for which the only real cure is, probably, to act them out with your favourite lover who will have all the more effect as he will interpret you with conviction and aplomb. Always remember not to exceed the limits you will have taken the trouble to set in advance.

EXHIBITION

When we speak of exhibitionism linked with the idea of domination we inevitably come back to an idea close to rape, though here everything is done by visually. The submissive is exhibited at a private gathering of informed adults where the guests are invited to unveil all the most intimate parts of the submissive exhibitionist or you can play the game of automobile exhibitionism on certain boulevards of the Bois de Boulogne famous for this sort of thing: without risk and with the certainty of being seen! We also enjoy wearing particularly short skirts or skintight trousers when going into town or out to dinner at a restaurant. See-through blouses also have a lot of followers.

PHOTOS AND VIDEOS

Exhibitionism has been brought up to date by modern technology and it's impossible to keep count of the number of contact mags which offer to publish your personal ad together with a photo of you. There can be little doubt that among the people who are really seeking contacts there are also exhibitionists who get off on the idea of seeing their photos published and, above all, admired by thousands of unknown people. For some years now various video editors have been producing compilations of films of amateurs which you can very easily take part in: send in your film and you will be exposed to the gaze of others.



© Best of Stanton/Vergis Graphics

BEING AN OBJECT

Being nothing more than an object, what a fantasy! Used crouching as a foot-rest, on your knees as an ashtray-holder, lying down as a pillow... There have even been contraptions, sometimes very complicated, for attaching someone to the wall, arms spread, to serve as a candle-holder or for enclosing the submissive in a box with a single hole at mouth level so that (s)he is merely an object to be used for fellation. I'll skip the more detailed gadgets... To get a few ideas on the subject, buy the albums by Gene Bilbrew, Jim, Mory or Eric Stanton - all very inspired by the subject.

PROSTITUTION

Another uniform is that of the prostitute. As a rule it is considered vulgar (at least that's what they say!) but nonetheless it obviously pleases - and not only the men who are their clients. Women too are into everything which resembles what they think of as the lingerie of the professionals of pleasure both in the boutiques and especially in

the mail order catalogues. But isn't there a trace hint of the taste of the male who, at the bosom of the couple, will know how to lean on the girl of his choice to make her buy these garishly coloured and skimpily cut garments. It is always the case that the "pretty-by-night" fantasy is equally present in the mind of the woman. Who has never dreamed of a night of animalistic love larded with gutter talk? Hands up... not many eternal romantics!

HUMILIATION

Being treated like a dog: walking on all fours, held on a lead, having to bark and eat from a bowl, that's a programme for masochists. Why a dog rather than any other animal? Probably because it's the only domesticated animal which is both obedient and has the right to be stroked. But humiliation varies from person to person: for some even simple exhibitionism within the couple will seem like a particularly painful torture scene whilst others will only experience pleasure when confronted with the grotesque and ridiculous. In certain cases cross-dressing is a particularly effective form of humiliation, especially if the outfit is well chosen.

DISGUST

Where do "disgusting things" start? We make others do what we find repugnant, with the sole aim of subjugating them to us. There are thousands of possibilities, from cunnilingus through analingus or a seemingly imposed homosexual relationship to scatology. Disgusting games are often excuses for what we don't dare to like. They are also a means of demonstrating that we are completely at someone's disposal, obedient, submissive and of showing that we are exceeding the limits of what is considered to be "generally acceptable". The most eccentric/original people put worms or slugs on the other person's body, or even his/her face. Disgust, a strong emotion, is one of the extreme forms of a masochism which is wary of any sort of physical violence. Whatever you might say about it, your submission or that of your submissive, will often be part of one of these worlds or maybe for you only physical pain is the route to pleasure - but that's a different subject.



© Magazine X

GAY DOMINATION FANTASIES

With gay awareness, homosexuals have created, little by little, a very distinctive image which has influenced the artistic world, fashion and even strictly heterosexual culture. But to be honest, its greatest influence has been on the sadomasochistic and fetishistic scene. To such an extent that the "leather scene" differentiates less and less between homosexuals and heterosexuals. Long classed, wrongly, as "mad" the gays (well, some...) have little by little put forward their virility and their desire to be men - real, hard, leather... And so the mascara has often given way to a moustache, muscle has supplanted simpering, leather has become a uniform. And now all the fans of domination games are jealous of the gay leather scene: its many bars, its structured clubs, its international associations, its very well-known manufacturers of accessories, its neat but daring magazines... This success is not completely incomprehensible as even today the designers of fetishistic clothes are mainly interested in women and we had to await the arrival of gay (above all, leather) designers to get a variety of beautiful, quality styles for men. And it is the solvency of the gay leather scene which has brought a whole range of sturdy, effective and non-dangerous accessories onto the market. Frankly, the gay scene is very far from being of no interest for any self-respecting fetishist or sadomasochist. And when you know that 50% of our readers admit to having bisexual tendencies, it would be wrong of us not to try to establish as many contacts as possible. Besides, as they know... We adore them!

Jürgen Boedt



Take part in the Secret Magazine adventure: send us your immodest confessions, your most secret dreams, your intimate photos, your drawings, your fantasies... and win a subscription if you are among those selected (for publication). Our address: SECRET MAGAZINE, B. P. 1400, 1000 Bruxelles 1, Belgium.

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THOMAS GLOVER

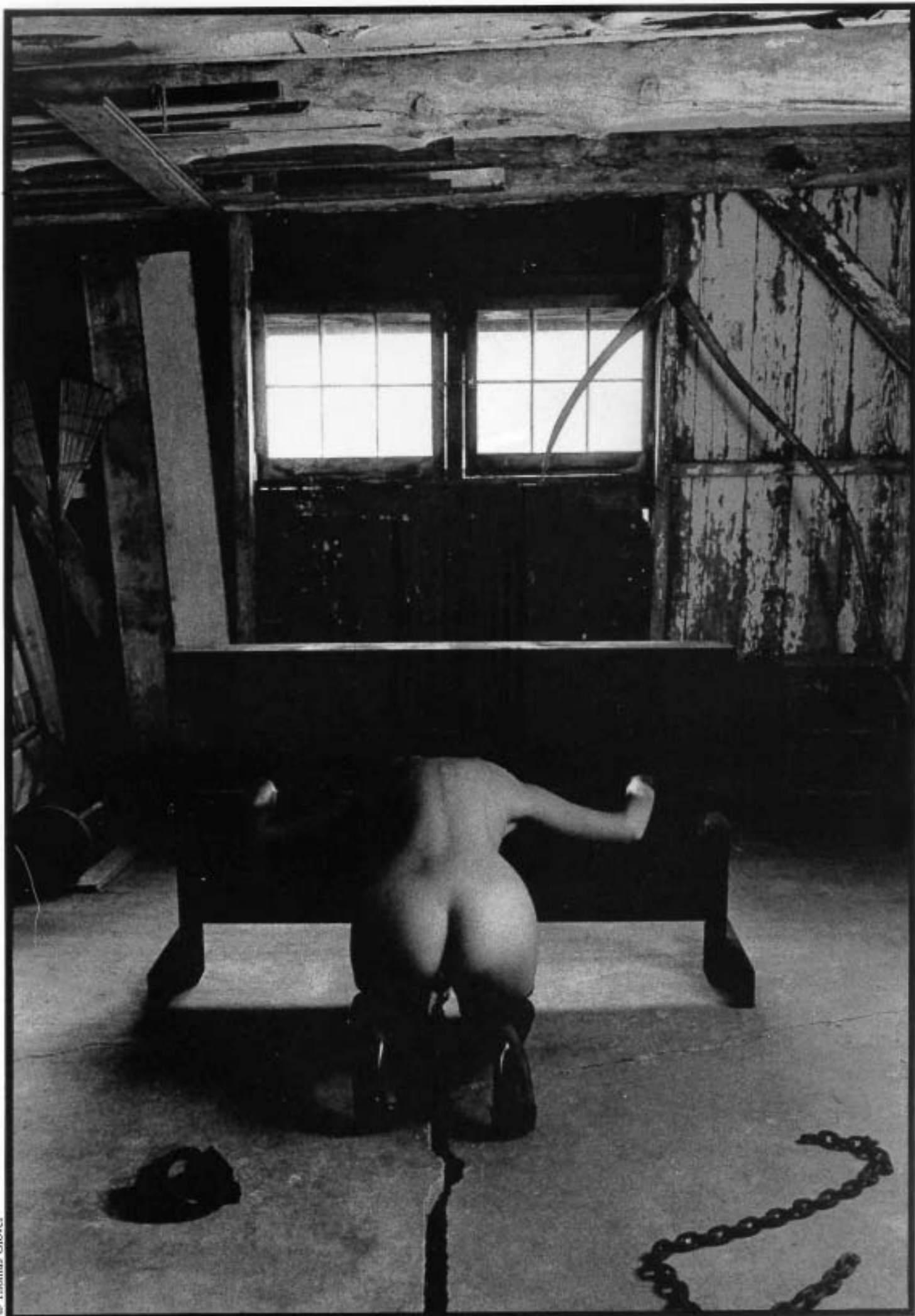


Thomas Glover lives and works in Paris. His works have been published by PHOTO, STERN, WIENER, NEWLOOK, EXCELSIOR and now by SECRET. After his studies at the ECOLE DES ARTS VISUELS and THE NEW SCHOOL OF SOCIAL RESEARCH, he embarked on exhibitions of his works in several cities. His way of seeing things, of bringing more than meticulous detail to every subject greatly interested us. Each photo has been conscientiously prepared, remodelled and reworked until the final result: you think that it's a snapshot. In THOMAS GLOVER's words: *"I take photos so that a link is established between reality and fantasy. My photos constitute a sort of appeal to everybody, a message to the whole world like a bottle thrown into the sea by a poor shipwrecked sailor on an island. I dare to hope that these photos will be able to move all sensitive, emotional people troubled by a sweet obsession."*

THOMAS GLOVER is looking for male and female models. If you are interested, here is his address: THOMAS GLOVER, 3 Square Henri Regnault, 92400 PARIS LA DEFENSE, France. Tel: (1) 49 01 02 77

J.B.

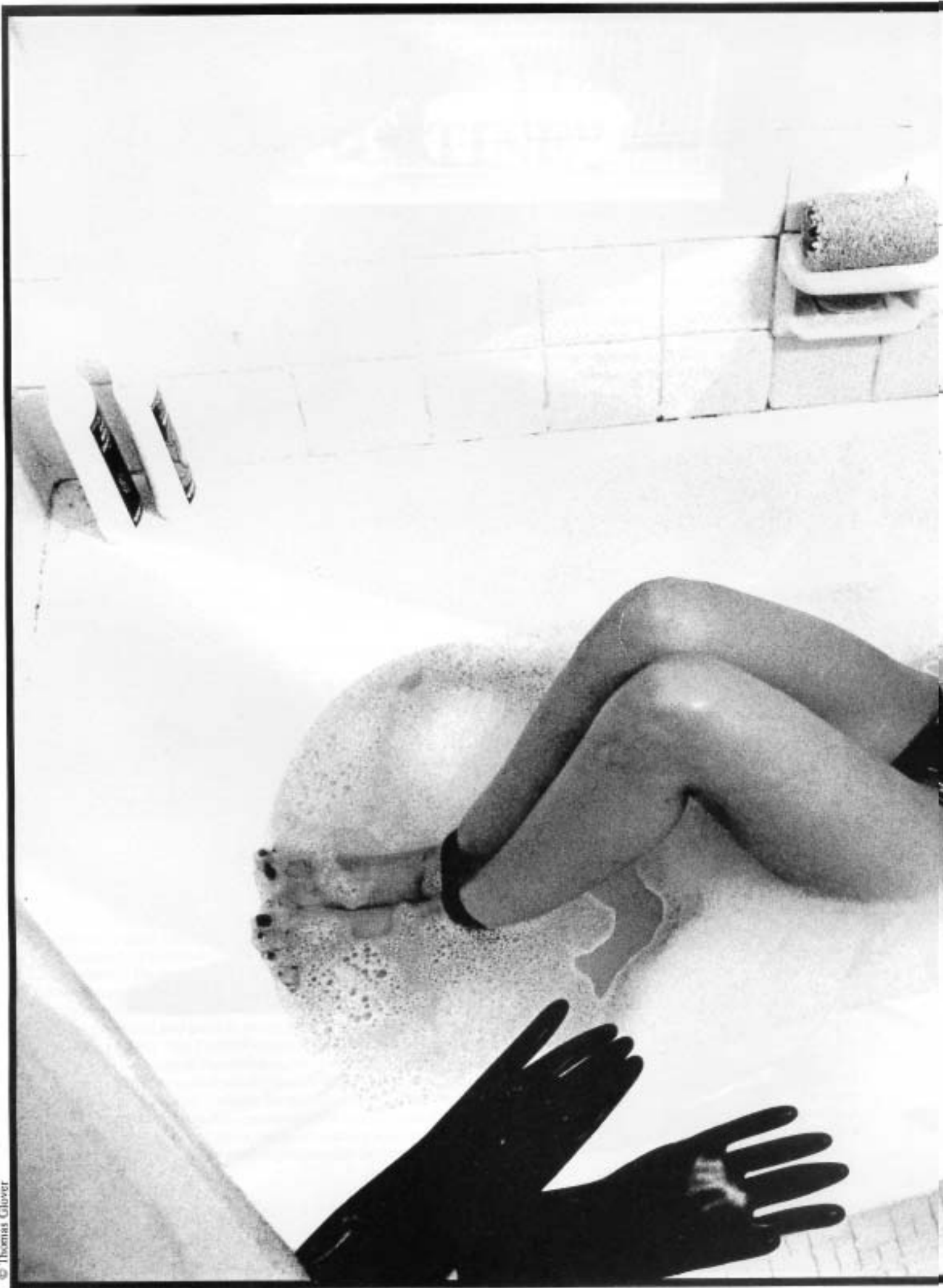














WOLFGANG EICHLER



PORTFOLIO 3

Photographer and partly responsible for the success of the magazine "O" which reveals the love story between the photographers, models, stylists, printers and Wolfgang Eichler himself. He is the star photographer of the magazine, in which you can admire, notably in issue 14, a portfolio which, we are sure, will convince you of his immense talent.

Responsible for the cover of our latest issue, (french edition N°9) he has asked us to publish these four photos, something which we are obviously delighted to do. If you wish to obtain any of these portfolios, each comprising 4 photos 24 x 30 cm, just send DM 250 (£100) to the following address: Wolfgang Eichler, Beethovenstr 17, 4650 Gelsenkirchen, Germany. Notice to all collectors: don't hesitate for a single moment, this is an exceptional offer. We would add that "O" will shortly be publishing about a hundred of his best shots in a book.



PORTFOLIO 2

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PORTFOLIO 4

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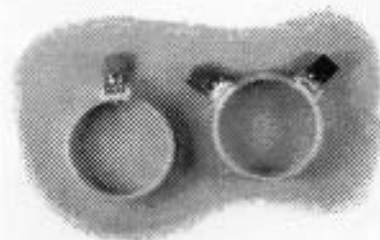
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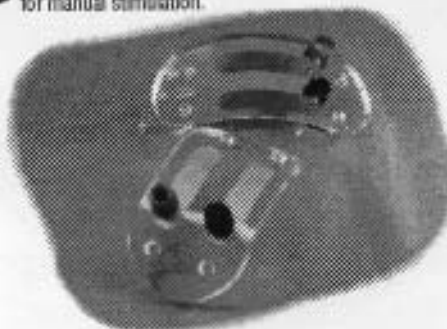
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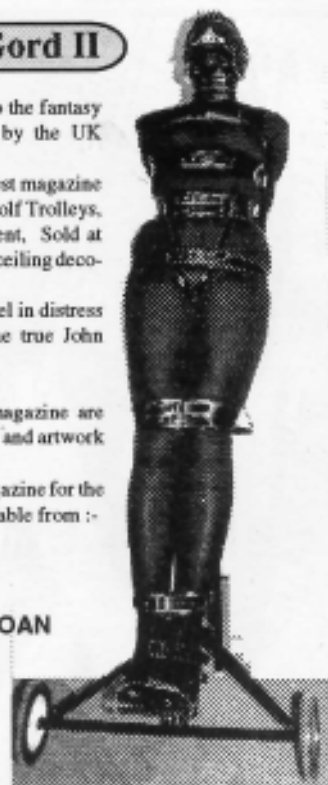
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